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THE

DUBLIN REVIEW

A QUARTERLY AND CRITICAL JOURNAL

Edited by ALGAR THOROLD

JANUARY, 1931

1. J. P. DE CAUSSADE, S.J. By the Abbot of Downside.
2. THE RAISING OF THE SCHOOL-LEAVING AGE. By Sir John Gilbert, K.B.E.
3. A RECENT STUDY OF ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS. By Montgomery Carmichael, O.B.E.
4. RELIGION, TOWN AND COUNTRY. By W. J. Blyton.
5. THE GREEK ORACLES. By Edwyn Bevan.
6. DE PROFUNDIS. By Countess de Meudis.
7. QUARLES AND THE EMBLEM HABIT. By T. O. Beachcroft.
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The Dublin Review

JANUARY, 1931

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ART. I.—J. P. de CAUSSADE

IT is a familiar experience that at different times of our life we have different tastes in literature. It is still commoner, for obvious reasons, that our taste in spiritual literature develops or varies. For the last few years I confess that I have found no writer so helpful to myself as Père Jean Pierre de Caussade, of the Society of Jesus. Yet his principal work is nothing else than a compilation, published a hundred and ten years after his death, from his correspondence.

There is a kind of parallel for this in the famous treatise *Sancta Sophia*, which was put together from the various writings of Father Augustine Baker by Serenus Cressy. But in the case of Caussade the whole material consisted of letters to a few Visitation nuns, incomplete and incorrectly copied, and all of these contained applications of one doctrine and one method of direction for one class of people.

Père de Caussade did, however, publish a book in his own lifetime, though he did not put his name to it, but said simply "par un P. de la Compagnie de Jésus, Docteur en Théologie". The permission of the Provincial of Champagne to print it was addressed to Père Paul-Gabriel Antoine, the famous writer on Moral Theology. Since the works of Antoine in French were similarly anonymous, under the same description (either "un Père de la C. de J", or "un Docteur en Théologie", the public concluded that Antoine was the author of Caussade's treatise.*

Of the life of this now celebrated writer only the main facts and dates seem to be known. He was born in 1675, and died in 1751 at Toulouse, where he entered the Jesuit novitiate for the province of Toulouse in 1693. He taught

* I take the facts from Sommervogel's great work. But his account of Caussade's works and editions has been usefully supplemented by a careful article in the *Revue d'Ascétique et de Mystique*, January 1930, vol. ii, No. 41, pp. 63-71: "Notes sur les éditions du P. de Caussade", by Père Dudon, S.J. Some general remarks on Caussade's life are found in different editions of his books.

classics 1694-1702, did his theological studies 1702-6, and was ordained Priest in 1705; his final vows were in 1708. He taught grammar, physics, and logic till 1714. After this he is a preacher and confessor in various places, Rodez, Montauban, Auch, Clermont, St. Flour, Annecy, Beauvais, and in Lorraine; he is back at Toulouse in 1740. His only book appeared at Perpignan in 1741. He became successively Rector of the Colleges of Perpignan 1741-3, and Albi 1744-6. From 1746 to his death he is in the professed House at Toulouse, and is Director of the *Séminaire des clercs*, by which I presume Père Dudon means the Jesuit Theological Students.

From a literary point of view there is nothing remarkable about his only published book, the *Instruction on Prayer*. It is a dialogue, and attempts no fine writing. The Spiritual letters are, however, admirably and charmingly expressed. But even these do not lead us to anticipate the eloquence of the notes on *Abandon* which had been combined into a treatise by a nun, and were reset by Père Ramière. De Caussade here speaks from experience and from the heart. His rhetoric is not unstudied: he indulges in apostrophe and interpellation as well as in careful periods. His words are lighted up with a magic splendour by his enthusiasm and zeal. His sentences are often superb in their formation as well as in their teaching, and he carries us away by impetuous outbursts.

The Spiritual letters were grouped by Père Ramière, when he published them in 1861, into seven books, concerned successively with esteem and love of Abandonment to God, the exercise of the virtue of Abandonment, obstacles thereto, first trials and sufferings, further trials, fear of the loss of God, mystical agony and death.

This may not sound an encouraging list of subjects. But it is more consoling in fact than in name. Caussade's doctrine is the precise opposite of a very common view that aridity is a sign of lukewarmness and that inability to fix the attention, loss of all feeling of faith, fears of "the enmity of God", and despondency as to ultimate salvation are bad signs, which show that the soul is in a dangerous state. They are indeed partly errors, and might be bad signs in the "purgative way"; but in advanced souls

they are, according to St. John of the Cross, a part of the Night of the Spirit, and are caused by the blinding rays of that Night. The value of Caussade's teaching is better seen when we contrast it with the cruel teaching of the Stoical school. For example, there is an attractive little book recently edited by a nun of Stanbrook, *The Kingdom of God in the Soul*, by Father John Evangelist of Bois-le-duc ("Balduke"). This pious Capuchin (whose work was published in English in 1657 by Dom Peter Salvin, O.S.B., of St. Gregory's) conceives that holy souls will regularly obtain internal illumination if they walk in the right way, and teaches that it is their own fault when they are in darkness. "No man can be without fault who does not find God present in his soul; for if he believed himself to blame for this privation he would set himself to search out the cause thereof, and soon finding it, he would amend it by God's grace" (p. 97). He even states: "When the soul exercises herself thus interiorly, according to our admonitions, no desolation or aridity can befall her, such as is common to all other experiences" (p. 180). This is indeed sanguine. If true, such a panacea is worth a guinea a box.

All that Father John Evangelist demands from the soul is perfect abnegation, perfect resignation, pure love, and naked faith—nothing more difficult than this! He appears to hold that any soul can attain these super-human (or anti-human) qualities by its own efforts (with grace, of course), and he is sure that thus will be removed all impediments to the enjoyment of Divine Union. He entirely disregards the teaching of the Saints,* that

* St. John of the Cross describes the Active Night of the senses and the Active Night of the spirit in *The Ascent of Mount Carmel*, and he explains the Passive Nights of the senses and of the spirit in *The Dark Night of the Soul*. I learn from *La Vie Spirituelle* that some ignorant writer (a Carmelite, I think, but I forget his name) has recently argued that St. John of the Cross places the Active Nights first in time, and represents them as followed by the Passive Nights. Of course, there are not four nights, but two! The Active and Passive are two sides of the same phenomenon. The Active side is the soul's voluntary stripping itself and abandonment and co-operation. The Passive side is far more severe and indefinitely more effective: it is God's stripping and scrubbing of the soul by pain and desolation of every unexpected kind. Active mortification of the senses and of the spirit is useful, no doubt, according to all spiritual writers, if done with discretion and obedience; in so far as it means a total abandonment to the Passive Night (God's action) it is the condition of progress, and includes all the most energetic virtues.

perfect abnegation is worked in man by God, through internal as well as external trials and sufferings, and not principally by our own feeble penances and self-denials. Nor does he remember that suffering—internal suffering—is a condition of the highest love in this world, and that “desolation” may be perfecting when there is no need of purifying. He does not mention the example of Christ : he forgets the Agony in the Garden, and the darkness at Calvary. His ideal is the Stoic *ἀσράβεια* which Evagrius Ponticus and other hermits mistakenly aimed at attaining. Our Lord has contrariwise shown us that “My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?” may be the very culmination of suffering love.

The devout Capuchin’s doctrine, which teaches an infallible method for ridding ourselves of all interior suffering and torment of conscience, would be more consoling could it be verified. But I imagine that it is in most cases (I do not venture to say in all) as contrary to experience as it is to Christian teaching ; and in consequence it is disappointing in practice, and cruel. Père de Caussade does not teach, like Father John Evangelist, that the soul is to aim at Divine Union in this life and intense joy and peace by renunciation of creatures and by naked faith—this is a magnificent ideal—but recommends something very much simpler, more obvious, less dangerous. I quote a passage almost at random :

“You forget, at least in practice, this other incontestable truth that perfection does not consist in receiving great gifts from God, like the gifts of recollection, prayer, spiritual taste for divine things, but in simply adhering to all the wills of God in all imaginable situations, whether interior or exterior, in which Providence can place us”. (*Abandon*, vol. ii, p. 62.) “I ought to desire my progress and perfection only as much as God wishes it and by the means He wishes” (p. 63).

The whole rule of our life is God’s Will. At the last day we shall be judged according to our works. Our good works are those in accordance with God’s Will at the moment we do them. They are our renunciation of self, they are the gift of ourselves to God. It is right to desire our own salvation and our own perfection, for this

desire is a part of our nature. But we ought to desire it not only for our own sake, but still more for God's sake, because He wishes it, and made us for Himself. Charity is not the love which wants to get (though that is good), but the love which wants to give, which is better ; God's love can never want to get, but is always giving, always charity.

So our love is to be—a love which consists in giving ourselves to God. The active side is obedience to all God's commands, counsels, and inspirations ; the passive side is the acceptance of all God does by *abandon*.

There is no English word for *abandon*, for "abandonment" is only just coming into use in this transferred sense. The doctrine is mere Christianity, and even Natural Religion ; but it was formulated in a special way by St. Ignatius, who chose the word "indifference". St. Francis de Sales took up St. Ignatius's teaching ; he rejects such words as "conformity" (so Scaramelli and many others), or "resignation" (so Father Baker), as less expressive than "indifference". St. Francis is perhaps ignorant of the word "abandon", but this admirable word was used by the French writers of his generation and the next. De Caussade takes it from his master, Bossuet : "Abandon à la divine Providence".

The doctrine, however, he has derived not so much from Bossuet as from his Father St. Ignatius, who begins and ends his exercises with this simple and sublime teaching : in the Foundation he lays it down dryly, with irresistible logic ; in the final *Contemplatio ad amorem* he spiritualizes it as the conclusion of the whole retreat : "*Sume et suscipe, Domine, universam meam libertatem. . .*"

I hope the reader knows this prayer by heart. It is very dear to every son of St. Ignatius ; it sums up his doctrine ; it sums up religion and perfection ; it is exactly what Père de Caussade reiterates in every key.

Doubtless it is all in the Sermon on the Mount, in St. John, in St. Paul ; evidently it has been practised by every holy soul since Adam. But the most necessary truths can be clarified and stated anew ; and so has this truth been separated and developed by St. Ignatius and St. Francis, by Bossuet and Caussade. And it is therefore not astonishing that the last of these has been able to

discover an element so obvious, so necessary, that it had not been urged by his greater predecessors. It is continually being found useful to point to the obvious, the ordinary, the habitual, because we forget it ; and it often comes as a revelation even when we knew we knew it.

To reach this new element we must first insist on Caussade's teaching that the whole universe in its movement and development is God's loving Providence ; for each man his environment is the expression of God's Will ; and not only the environment but the motions of nature and of grace within the soul are God's arrangement, God's leading ; everything to each of us is God's touch, except our own will, when it resists His. We live in God, bathed in His action upon us through the creatures around us and through our own reactions. Life has been described as correspondence with environment ; a dead thing does not act or react. In the spiritual life our whole environment is God's Hand upon us : *diligentibus Deum omnia cooperantur in bonum*. The whole of perfection is to act in accordance with God's "signified Will" and to react in accordance with His "Will of Good Pleasure" which we find in all the circumstances, internal and external, of our life.

For we are not to choose our own perfection any more than we are to see our own progress. The question what is in itself most perfect is an academical one : our real perfection is God's plan for each of us. We can be perfect here and now by being exactly as God wishes us to be here and now : perfection is not an aim to be realized in a dim and doubtful future, but it is for this minute, this very minute, and not the next minute or two : *hodie si vocem eius audieritis* : this moment is the most precious of all moments, for it is the moment in which we have the power of abandoning ourselves wholly to God's Will. No other moment is in our power. We need not worry about what is to come ; by hope we abandon to God the care of the morrow, of our perseverance, of our death, of our eternity ; but by charity we abandon ourselves to His Will now.

Here, I venture to think, is Père de Caussade's novel contribution to ascetical literature. We all knew that it

is only in the present that we merit, only in the present that we act, only in the present that we love. But he connects this necessary fact with our duty of confidence as to the past and the future : he insists on it as the safeguard against worry and despondency, the great dangers of all dangers, and he expresses it in a startling phrase : "the Sacrament of the Present Moment".

God is everywhere, and in past and future : He is above all space and time : but to me, it is not the distant but the near, not the past and future but the present moment, which is the veil of God, or rather the unveiling of God. I cannot always tell His Will for the future, but I can never doubt it now ; and I can be always sure of being united to His Will now. If we seek Him, we have found Him.*

"Vraiment, dit Jacob, Dieu est en ce lieu et je n'en savais rien. Vous cherchez Dieu, chère âme, et il est partout ; tout

* I can always know what I have to do *this instant*, but I cannot always know now, this instant, what I am to do in the future, or even in the next instant. For if it is God's will that I should be in doubt in this present instant, this is as far as I can see, and is quite enough. But it is clearly God's will that when by His will I am in doubt, I should also have confidence that I shall have sufficient guidance at the moment when I have to act.

This confidence in God's guidance is not an "illumination". On the contrary, Caussade supposes an advanced person will be habitually in obscurity. We have not to aim at a theoretical perfection or at an ideal sanctity, nor have we to expect our actions to end in success rather than in failure, nor have we to suppose that God will inspire us to follow the course which is best, most prudent, or most lucky. But we are sure that He will enable us to follow our conscience (which may be ill-informed) and thus to act as is most pleasing to Himself. Why not walk in darkness and doubt and worry, yet at the same time have (at the top of our soul) perfect peace and light that it is God's will that we should be in darkness and doubt and worry ? It sounds a paradox, as common sense so often does. But it is really plain sense. And it is the opposite of "illumination".

It is quite easy to find apparent "illumination" in Caussade. Illuminism means, "I have prayed, and God will inspire me to do the wisest thing or speak the right words, with infallible results". Caussade, however, would say, "I have prayed and have the right intention : therefore God will be satisfied with the stupid things I do or say, as He knows I cannot do better". But our author most reasonably adds that these imperfect acts and words in the long run turn out most curiously effective and successful, as though by accident, while the doer or speaker feels foolish and incompetent and humbled. (This is surely not illuminism). It would be odd if God's Providence did not arrange things thus—His, who chooses the weak and the foolish to confound the strong and the wise, "that no flesh may glory before God".

vous l'annonce, tout vous le donne ; il a passé à côté, autour, au dedans at à travers de vous ; il y demeure et vous le cherchez. *Ab ! vous cherchez l'idée de Dieu*, et vous avez sa substance ; vous cherchez la perfection ; et elle est dans tout ce qui se présente à vous de soi-même. Vos souffrances, vos actions, vos attraites sont des espèces sous lesquelles Dieu se donne à vous par soi-même, pendant que vous tendez vainement à des idées sublimes, dont il ne veut point se revêtir pour loger chez vous.*

"Marthe cherche à contenter Jésus par de beaux apprêts ; et Madeleine se contente de Jésus comme il lui plaît de se donner à elle. Jésus trompe même Madeleine ; il se présente sous la figure d'un jardinier, et Madeleine le cherche sous l'idée qu'elle s'en formait. Les Apôtres voient Jésus, et ils le prennent pour un fantôme.

"Dieu se déguise donc pour élever l'âme à la pure foi, et lui apprendre à le trouver sous toutes sortes d'espèces ; car quand elle sait le secret de Dieu, il a beau se déguiser, elle dit : Le voilà, derrière la muraille ; il regarde à travers les treillis et par les fenêtres. O divin amour, cachez-vous ; bondissez d'épreuve en épreuve ; liez par vos attraites et par devoirs ; composez, mêlez, confondez, rompez comme des fils toutes les idées et toutes les mesures de l'âme ! Qu'elle perde terre, qu'elle ne sente et ne s'aperçoive plus ni chemins, ni voies, ni sentiers ni lumières ; qu'après vous avoir trouvé dans vos demeures et vos vêtements ordinaires, dans le repos de la solitude, dans l'oraison, dans l'assujettissement à telles ou telles pratiques, dans les souffrances, dans les soulagements donnés au prochain, dans la fuite des conversations, des affaires ; qu'après avoir tenté toutes les manières et tous les moyens connus de vous plaire, elle demeure à court, ne vous voyant plus en rien de tout cela comme autrefois. Mais que l'inutilité de ses efforts la conduise à laisser tout désormais, pour vous trouver en vous même, et ensuite partout, en tout, sans distinction, sans réflexion. Car, ô divin amour, quelle erreur de ne pas vous voir en tout ce qui est bon et dans toutes les créatures ! *Pourquoi donc vous chercher en d'autres que celles par lesquelles vous voulez vous donner ? . . .*

"Demeurez, petit ver, dans l'obscur et étroit cachot de votre misérable coque, jusqu' à ce que la chaleur de la grâce vous forme et vous fasse éclore. Mangez ensuite toutes les feuilles qu'elle présente, et ne regrettez pas, dans cette activité d'abandon, la quiétude que vous avez perdue. Arrêtez-vous ensuite, quand cette divine action vous arrête ; perdez, par des alternatives de repos et d'activité, par des métamorphoses incompréhensibles,

* We are a long way from Father John of Balduke here.

toutes vos anciennes formes, méthodes et manières, pour vous revêtir, en mourant et en resuscitant, de celle que cette divine action vous désignera elle-même". (Vol. i, pp. 110-12.)

This passage manifestly describes the passive Nights of the Senses and of the Spirit after St. John of the Cross, and the silkworm is borrowed from St. Theresa. But the character of the passage is pure Caussade. For the result of "abandonment" is not ordinarily to be a conspicuous and startling sanctity ; on the contrary, God leads "abandoned" souls in unexpected ways, in darkness, without aim, without satisfaction, without definite perceptions : "It is the character of *abandon* always to lead a mysterious life, and to receive extraordinary and miraculous gifts from God by the use of common, natural, accidental things, in which there is apparently nothing but the chance of the world and the elements" (p. 125). "When God is in all things, the use made of them by His order is not the using of creatures, but it is the enjoyment of the Divine action, which transmits its gifts by varied canals. These do not sanctify of themselves, but only by the Divine action, which can and does frequently communicate its graces to simple souls by things which would appear opposed to the end which is its aim. It gives light by mud as well as by the most subtle matter, and the instrument it wills to employ is always the only one" (p. 125).

This is a development of St. Ignatius's foundation : "All things besides man on the face of the earth have been created for man's sake and in order to help him in the following out of the end for which he has been created". When a simple soul has arrived at a "state", a habit, of abandonment, it becomes sensitive to God's action and "passive", so that all creatures (whether the external environment or the internal motions of nature and grace) are co-operating to push and to pull it along a straight line to God. There is no exception, whether joys or temptations, and there is but one narrow way for each.

This clear teaching as to co-operation active and passive, minute by minute, with God's leading, without anxiety,

without other aims, without questionings, makes us anticipate quite securely what kind of mental prayer will be taught by Caussade to the advanced religious for whom his direction is intended. Evidently it will be a prayer of giving themselves to God, and *oraison de simple remise* will be the name which will occur to our minds; and the very name will suggest Bossuet. And in general we shall be right. Caussade often refers to Fénelon, to St. Francis de Sales, and St. J.-F. de Chantal, but when he wrote a book on prayer he based it on Bossuet.

There was excellent reason for this. In the eighteenth century an apology for simple prayer was needed. The condemnation of Molinos and other Quietists had been exploited by the Jansenists, whose aversion to contemplation has been pointed out by M. Henri Bremond. On this point no one opposed them successfully. By 1741 the Maurists, the Oratorians, and other orders were very Jansenistic; and the dogmatic theologians had long since ignored any forms of prayer but formal meditation on the one hand and quasi-miraculous ecstasies and revelations on the other. The Jesuits were occupied against Jansenism in bringing the laity to the frequentation of the sacraments, and in teaching meditation to those who could be induced to live a life of piety. But the Jesuits themselves were being attacked by bitter enemies, the Jansenists, the Voltairians and most of the Governments of Europe, who were in thirty-five years to obtain their downfall and the destruction of half the Catholic missions of the world.

It was more than advisable, it was needful for a Jesuit to be on his guard. An unreasoning terror of Quietism prevailed, and the fires of contemplation were burning very low in eighteenth-century France. But the most famous opponent of Quietism had been the incomparable Bossuet, in these latter days a Father of the Church, whose repute for learning and orthodoxy was as great as his fame for eloquence. He had led the French bishops in their Issy articles against the Quietists; he had been the uncompromising enemy of Fénelon's deductions from the ecstatic exclamations of Saints. A defence of prayer

under his ægis and couched in his very words would admit of no reply—could encounter no attack. It would be privileged.

Consequently Caussade conceived the idea of a book on prayer taken entirely from Bossuet's very large and learned refutation of Quietism, his *Instruction sur les divers états d'Oraison*, and he adopted the very title of Bossuet's tome: *Instructions spirituelles en forme de dialogue sur les divers états d'oraison, d'après la doctrine de M. Bossuet, évêque de Meaux*. It therefore represents itself as a summary of the positive teaching contained in and under M. de Meaux's polemics. The work is in two parts. The former half explains in detail the faults of the Quietists, and thus makes it clear that the second part is not Quietistic in teaching the prayer of simplicity or *simple remise*.

The latter part is the more interesting, and has therefore been republished frequently without the former. A readable paraphrase in English by L. V. Sheehan (Herder, 1923) has made this portion more accessible in this country. But that admirable writer on prayer, the Franciscan Père Ludovic de Besse, in his excellent preface to the 1891 edition, was right in regretting that the first part had been so seldom republished. It has considerable importance, not only because nobody reads the Instructions of Bossuet, nor even because everything by Caussade is precious, but most of all because the real errors of Quietism are not well known. The dialogue explains them very clearly, and makes it quite impossible for the second part to be suspected of cognate errors. It is therefore very desirable that both parts should be translated together into English, and I understand that this will soon be done.

Bossuet's doctrine is elsewhere found, in his letters to Mme. de Maisonfort and in his beautiful tract "*Manière courte et facile pour faire oraison en foi et de simple présence de Dieu*". But Caussade has extracted equally definite teaching from the large polemical treatise, and the result is an instruction which seems to me second only to Ste. J. F. de Chantal in usefulness. I need not say that, as a good Jesuit, Père de Caussade assumes that all

have begun by the practice of meditation, and that they will not advance into the contemplative prayer he describes until they have developed the signs insisted on by St. John of the Cross.*

Perhaps, however, the most peculiar point in Caussade's doctrine is an attempt to diminish or escape the Night of the Senses (I mean the painful unlearning of meditation, and learning of comfortless and super-sensual prayer) in the case of those who are nearing the chasm between the two states of soul. He recommends that those who still meditate should be ready to pause, when they can, and welcome such minutes of attention to God. The tendency is always to worry about recurring to the subject of meditation. Caussade advises inattention to the subject, whenever it means the beginning of "obscure contemplation". This encouragement of pauses is merely a practical way of expressing St. John of the Cross's advice to welcome the obscure contemplation, and not to regard it as a sinful divagation from the subject or as a sign of laziness.

This simple prayer is the correlative of the habit of

* An article of mine entitled "M. Bremond and Père Cavallera", in the *Downside Review* for January 1930, has given pain to a few Jesuits, friends of mine or unknown to me. Especially I have been understood to run down the Exercises of St. Ignatius—the last thing I thought of doing. The present article is entirely independent; it is not in the least written to please Jesuits; I have written what I happen to think on the subject of Père de Caussade. But I rejoice that by accident I have written that all I love most in Caussade seems to me to come from St. Ignatius's Exercises. I hope this will show what I thought of the Exercises entirely apart from any controversy. The offensive article was meant for peace; to reconcile two combatants: it is always dangerous to intervene in a fight. But it was probably very badly expressed. I wish to take this opportunity of explaining one point. I had meant, and forgot, to put a footnote in the article to the effect that I always use the terms "purgative way" and "illuminative way" as St. John of the Cross does, and not as most moderns do. This Saint, who has been declared a Doctor of the Church by Pius XI, makes "the Night of the Senses" the border between the two ways: all who *can* meditate are in the purgative way; and the illuminative way begins when meditation ceases to be possible. That is why I said that the Jesuits of about 1880 must surely have been in the "illuminative way", yet they apparently claimed to be able to meditate! As this would contradict St. John of the Cross, I suggested that possibly each of them thought all the others could meditate, he himself being a humble exception. This is all I meant, and I beg pardon if it seemed rude to the good Fathers of 1880—not so very long ago. Caussade does not seem to have found it difficult to reconcile St. John of the Cross with St. Ignatius. Why should he? I have no reason to suppose that the holy Jesuits of to-day would disagree with what I mean, if I could express it better.

abandonment, or rather it is the same thing. Consequently the prayer is equally good, and the soul is equally content with it, whether it is dry or pleasant, distracted or full of peace. It humbles, it tries, it strips, it crucifies. It leads in unsuspected ways to no apparent goal; for God's ways are unsearchable, and there are manifold qualities and species of sanctity. All that Caussade says of abandonment is true of prayer, so that one who has attained the habit of abandonment is always praying in this way—giving himself to God. The rule is simply to pray as we can at the moment, and that is the way God wishes us to pray; to ask no other prayer; to be grateful for what grace gives at the moment. A prayer that humbles us is better for us than a prayer which makes us satisfied that we have prayed well.

It is clear that the saintly Jesuit must be describing his own practice of *abandon* and his own method of prayer. Is there not also, perhaps, some autobiography concealed in those chapters of the treatise on Abandonment which Père Ramière has grouped together as "Trials attached to the state of Abandonment"? These trials are blame and criticism by persons regarded as wise and pious; the apparent uselessness of one's life; the visible exterior faults which others perceive in abandoned souls, and which they perceive in themselves; their interior humiliations, which God provides; the obscurity of their state and their apparent opposition to the Will of God. The fruit of these trials is precious; but it is hardly earned. I quote as an example:

"Despicable in the eyes of others, the souls which God raises to this state are yet more despicable in their own eyes. There is nothing in all their sufferings and doings that is not very little and very humiliating; there is nothing striking in their way of life, all in it is common; and within are worries, without are contradictions and plans overturned . . . no heroic enterprises, no excessive fasting or almsgiving, nor an ardent and all-embracing zeal. United simply to God by faith and love, they see all the phenomenal part of themselves in disorder. They despise themselves the more when they come to compare themselves with those who pass for saints, and who are

capable of subjecting themselves to rules and methods, and show nothing but what is orderly in all their character and in the succession of their actions".

Yet naturally Caussade has to say: "No doubt those who are honoured with the most important offices are not in consequence excluded of necessity from the state of abandonment; still less is this state incompatible with the brilliant virtue of that sanctity which imposes itself on universal veneration", but he hastens to add, "But how much more numerous are the souls elevated to this sublime state, whose virtue is known to God alone?" Indeed, it is interesting to note how Caussade insists on the existence of hidden saints, or rather that sanctity is usually hidden, and only occasionally brought to light by Providence for our imitation. He teaches, for example, after Fénelon, that it is a great grace to conquer one's faults in a little and miserable and humiliating manner, rather than to triumph over them in the grand style. All progress is progress in humility.

These very inadequate citations and appreciations may lead some to find help in Père de Caussade. Of course, many pious people have not reached anything like the level he assumes in the cloistered nuns to whom he imparts the spirit of their Father St. Francis. Such good people will find de Caussade not merely dull, but at once obvious and misleading. Many others will have advanced beyond his advice, which will seem to them true but trite. Others will be more "mystical", with more sense of God and more definite "graces" than Caussade presupposes, and they may have to go by a higher road. But yet his general teaching of "abandonment" must be true for all, though possibly in a different dress for each.

How interesting it would be to know what this holy man taught to persons in the world, or to the young religious at Toulouse! There are many foods and medicines. St. Ignatius gave rules for "discernment of spirits" for his first week which would be useless and harmful in the second week; and conversely, those for the second week would never do for the first week. One is sure that he would have had yet another set of rules for,

say, enclosed nuns, or elderly Jesuits. A very clever monk explained to me the other day a new method by which he had been cured of an illness he had suffered from for years. I was duly impressed, so he sent me some literature on the subject. Alas! I found that it professed to cure almost every ill that man is heir to, and my faith in it evaporated. One does not recommend Caussade as a patent medicine to cure all spiritual diseases, but as an admirable director for certain souls in certain states. As I said at first, our taste in spiritual literature develops and varies.

DOM JOHN CHAPMAN.

ART. 2.—THE RAISING OF THE SCHOOL-LEAVING AGE

SINCE the advent of the present Government to office in June, 1929, the President of the Board of Education (Sir Charles Trevelyan) has introduced and withdrawn two Education Bills, the object of which was the raising of the school-leaving age to 15 years. Various reasons have been alleged for the failure of these Bills. Internal dissensions amongst the supporters of the Government upon the subject of maintenance allowances; dissatisfaction on the part of the local education authorities with regard to the short notice proposed for the application of the development; and opposition by the religious bodies, including Catholics, to the arrangements for assisting non-provided schools contained in the second Bill, have each been suggested in different quarters.

If Catholics contributed to the failure of the Education Bill, 1930, are they to be praised or blamed? Would the Bill, if it had secured a place upon the Statute Book, have proved beneficial generally to the national system of education in this country? Would it have conferred commensurate educational advantage even upon the age group of young people between the ages of 14 and 15 years, for whose amelioration, professedly, its conception was due? Before proceeding to consider the answers to these questions, some examination of the attitude of Catholics towards educational developments since 1870 may not be without interest.

At various times during the period mentioned, the Catholic body in England and Wales have shown their willingness, despite the self-sacrifice entailed, to support educational advance resulting from legislation or administration which inflicted grave financial disadvantage upon denominational schools. Two outstanding examples will suffice to demonstrate this point.

When the Education Act, 1870, received the final approbation of Parliament, a determined effort was made to provide accommodation for Catholic children, not then upon the rolls of Catholic schools, to obviate the necessity for their attendance at the new Board schools established

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under the Act. An emergency meeting at Norfolk House, over which the late Duke of Norfolk presided, succeeded in raising speedily a special fund of £40,000 to assist missions throughout the country in supplying the new Catholic school buildings required. Whilst deprecating the injustice which in effect compelled them to provide so many additional Catholic school places from private resources, whereas the Board schools were to be built entirely from public funds, to which Catholics would have to contribute on exactly the same basis as other citizens, the Catholic body generally recognized the need for further school accommodation, and proceeded to extend their own schools in order to retain their position within the national system of education.

More than forty years later, when, under the Education Act, 1903, the London Education Authority initiated its notable scheme for the reduction of the size of classes in its elementary schools to 40 in the senior departments and to 48 in the infants' departments, upon an organized plan, spread originally over a period of 15 years, (1912-27), the managers of London Catholic schools, desiring to co-operate in a movement which, while placing an unreasonable burden upon Voluntary schools, would undoubtedly confer substantial educational advantages upon the pupils in attendance, approached the Education Committee by deputation, offering to bring their schools within the operation of the scheme, if ample time were allowed, and subject of course to over-riding conditions of finance.

In considering Sir Charles Trevelyan's efforts at legislation during the past eighteen months, the question, therefore, naturally arises whether his endeavours would have been likely to lead to educational advance of a character to justify Catholics in making further financial sacrifices for the benefit of the children attending their schools. In present circumstances, under the conditions imposed in his two Bills, would the raising of the school-leaving age have resulted in adequate advantage for the children? Would the arrangements suggested for assisting non-provided schools to participate in the schemes of reorganization of local education authorities, following

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the recommendations of the Hadow Report, have proved beneficial to the schools concerned ?

Strangely enough, the experience of the past sixty years has shown that legislation professedly aiming at educational development is not likely to succeed unless prompted by educational motive. The fate of various unstable educational measures from 1906 to 1909 will illustrate this theory. An outstanding example in the reverse direction is the Education Act, 1902, which, although bitterly opposed upon political grounds during its stormy passage through Parliament, is now universally admitted by its former opponents to have been the soundest educational statute of the past half century. The valuable aid rendered by this Act to voluntary schools, which proved the target of the opposition to it, was but a small part of the general principle underlying the Act, namely, to bring all sections of education work from the elementary schools to pre-university higher educational institutions under the oversight of one education authority. If the 1902 Act had not been planned upon sound educational lines, but had been a political movement designed merely to help the voluntary schools, it would probably have never found a place upon the Statute Book.

In the opinion of many, neither of the proposals for raising the school-leaving age, which Sir Charles Trevelyan has initiated, has been prompted originally or primarily by educational principles. Accordingly both have failed to secure a passage through Parliament. The President of the Board of Education in his speeches in support of his Bills has indicated that they were measures for assisting unemployment and saving expenditure on the "dole."

This view is strengthened by the "rush" tactics adopted in connection with both Bills. As will be generally agreed, the fate of the present Government will depend eventually upon its success or otherwise with the unemployment question. Therefore the date of bringing in the proposed extension of the school-leaving age was fixed as early as 1st April, 1931, although the Board of Education's own consultative committee had deemed it necessary to give *five years'* notice for such a far-reaching change.

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Educational developments, however, were not the deciding factors, but the possibility of removing 150,000 names from the official unemployment list and of saving the unemployment fund £3,000,000 a year, according to Sir Charles Trevelyan's own estimate, for which he must accept responsibility.

Furthermore, assuming that the proposal to raise the school-leaving age was sound, to which view many do not subscribe, from an educational standpoint it would have been desirable that this development should have proceeded concurrently with the reorganization of elementary schools, in accordance with the recommendations of the Hadow Report. As eleven years plus was fixed for the dividing age between the new junior and senior schools, there would then have resulted four years for the former from 7 to 11 years, and four years for the latter from 11 to 15 years. Now, admittedly, none of the larger education authorities would have been ready to apply schemes of reorganization with an additional school year as early as 1931-32, or even at a much later date. On this account it seems evident that if the school-leaving age had been raised at the date proposed, even if its plenary fruition was not due until 1st April, 1932, considerable confusion, varying in degree according to circumstances, would have followed, especially in Catholic schools, which without aid from public funds could not have provided the additional accommodation required within two years.

In reorganization of schools, under the Hadow scheme, the age group 14 to 15 years presents the greatest difficulties. After provision has been made for selected children at eleven years plus in secondary, selective central, trade and technical schools, the problem of the residuum of children from the ages of 11 to 14 years has already perplexed both the teacher and the administrator. The raising of the school age promiscuously would seriously enhance this difficulty. Some provisions both with regard to accommodation and curriculum would be demanded for the new age group as would convince parents as well as pupils of the value of the additional year. If, as a result of haste or unpreparedness, the development

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resulted in the same schools within the same buildings, the same teachers and the same curriculum, but larger classes and marking time, the extension would probably lead to a debacle similar to that which marked the experiments in part-time compulsory day continuation schools under the Education Act, 1918.

Tested carefully in other important directions, the raising of the school-leaving age, as proposed by Sir Charles Trevelyan, would not only not prove attractive for the new age group, but would actually inflict educational disadvantages on the senior parts of the schools as existing to-day. As to accommodation, either the senior schools would be overcrowded temporarily, an unsatisfactory result after years devoted to effort for reducing the size of classes, or new accommodation provided hurriedly would be found redundant a few years hence, on account of fluctuations in the population of the senior and junior schools during the next four or five years, owing to the large increase in the birth rate immediately following the end of the War and a declining birth rate in succeeding years. These difficulties of accommodation would probably be overcome if the five years' notice suggested by the Board of Education's Consultative Committee were given.

As to curriculum, the method and content of the syllabuses of the ordinary subjects in the elementary schools must be reconsidered with regard to pupils in the new age group in particular, especially with a view to a quasi-vocational bias calculated to attract and retain them, if a satisfactory course is to be secured for the new senior schools from 11 to 15 years. The experience of the voluntary part-time day continuation schools has emphasized the importance of this point. The task would have been much easier if there had been sufficient experience in reorganized schools from 11 to 14 years. Here again the "rush" tactics behind the Bill would work out disadvantageously, both for the schools as they exist and for the new age group forced into them.

The greatest disadvantage will arise in connection with the provision of teachers—the difficulties concerning

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which Sir Charles Trevelyan treats so lightly and apparently does not understand. Temporary measures in accommodation and curriculum might suffice, if an adequate and suitable staff were forthcoming. But pressure on accommodation, and an imperfect curriculum, together with an inadequate and unsuitable staff, would probably spell disaster. Local authorities have not always found it easy to staff their secondary and selective central schools with the specialist teachers required. How will they be able, without ample time for preparation, to deal with an additional 400,000 pupils beyond the ordinary elementary school age, who will expect valuable results from the extra year thrust upon them, in many cases against their will?

The country as a whole will require 5,000 to 6,000 extra teachers—selected or specialist teachers, be it noted—half of whom should be men, for the new age group. In England and Wales at the present time 108 training colleges exist with approximately 5,500 men and 12,000 women students, with an annual output of 6,700 teachers. To supply the additional teachers required would mean doubling the output of the colleges, especially if the gradual reduction of the number of unqualified teachers in the existing schools is to be continued. In this respect it should be noted that the staff of the elementary schools in England and Wales at present consists of:

Certificated teachers :	123,205
Uncertificated teachers :	31,943
Supplementary teachers :	7,793

With these figures before him, it is surprising that the President of the Board of Education can suggest that relief will come by recalling women who have retired on marriage, many of whom have had experience only in infants' departments, and by refusing permission to teachers entitled to do so to retire at 60 years. If, therefore, the school-leaving age is raised at the date proposed, the number of unqualified teachers in the schools will have to be increased, and a sufficient supply of selected and

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specialist teachers required for the new age group will not be forthcoming, especially as it is rumoured that the number of applicants for training for the current year does not show abnormal increase.

More serious disadvantages, however, would result from the application of Sir Charles Trevelyan's proposals in their grave reactions upon other forms of post-primary education. For many years past, local education authorities have been developing various types of post-primary schools, based upon the present compulsory school-leaving age, and more recently planned on a definite programme system. Secondary, selective central, trade and technical schools, in many cases with scholarship or exhibition schemes, and co-ordinated with the ordinary elementary schools, have gradually been extending, and in consequence, widening the ladder from the elementary school to the university. What effect will the introduction, at very short notice, of a new element, the raising of the school-leaving age with maintenance allowances granted primarily on an age test without reference to educational fitness, have upon them? In London, for example, a system of selective central schools, the value of which is universally admitted, has been established over a series of years, by means of which on a voluntary basis the more intelligent pupils in elementary schools can remain at school to fifteen years plus, a number of exhibitions being awarded to children at fourteen years in cases of need, the first test of course being ability to profit educationally. These schools, as well as part-time day continuation schools and evening continuation junior commercial and industrial institutes, would undoubtedly be detrimentally affected by Sir Charles Trevelyan's Bill. Is a pupil in beneficial employment, able and willing, with the co-operation of his employers, to attend a part-time day continuation school for from two to four years, to be compelled to remain at an ordinary primary school for an additional year? If maintenance allowances awarded upon an age test are granted to pupils in an ordinary elementary school, what will be the position of pupils of fifteen years plus in all forms of post-primary institutions? These difficult problems, the reactions of

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raising the school-leaving age without due consideration, must affect the latter prejudicially.

Sir Charles Trevelyan also appears to have overlooked three other important matters which would influence materially the success or failure of his project. Without the co-operation of the parents, no educational development can hope to succeed. In recent years, one of the happiest features of the schools has been the helpful attitude of parents towards them, in proof of which the large number of pupils over fourteen years of age remaining voluntarily in attendance at different forms of school, will stand. Owing to present financial circumstances, and the abnormal amount of unemployment, parents will have to make heavy sacrifices to retain their children another year at school. After having been promised the "requisite" or "necessary" maintenance allowances before the last General Election, the offer of a maximum weekly grant of five shillings per child, after "adequate enquiry and investigation," especially if the arrangements in the schools are makeshift or imperfect, will serve only to antagonize them in regard to the schools.

Moreover, in recent years a closer link has been gradually forged between employers and the schools, which has proved invaluable in securing attendance of pupils at post-primary institutions. Undoubtedly this co-operation has been beneficial to both parties concerned. In these circumstances, to raise the school-leaving age at short notice, thereby placing an additional burden upon the cost of production, just at a time of abnormal industrial depression, may affect adversely the good relations now existing. This effect will be enhanced by the incidence of the numbers of young people between the ages of 14-18 years available for service in commerce and industry during the next few years, an interesting series of figures, to which the Education Officer of the London County Council directed attention in his presidential address to the Association of Directors and Secretaries for Education at the beginning of the year. The numbers of these juveniles available for employment in the next few years are as follows :

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1930	2,110,000
1931	1,727,000
1932	1,531,000
1933	1,402,000
1934	1,312,000

Sir Charles Trevelyan, therefore, from this point of view, could scarcely have chosen a more inappropriate time for his proposed development.

Furthermore, the raising of the school-leaving age, in conjunction with the recommendations of the Hadow Report, would mark the beginning of a silent but far-reaching revolution in the organization of the national system of education in this country. Within the past quarter of a century, a smaller revolution has been effected, almost without notice, by the abolition of the head teacher's residence adjoining the school in many of our large centres of population. What this change has meant to both parents and children in crowded districts of our modern cities it would be difficult to exaggerate. Under Sir Charles Trevelyan's present proposals, the gradual extinction of the parochial school both in town and country districts would be begun. For nearly a century, ever since a national system of education, however indistinct, has been in existence, its staple characteristic has been a parish school, the centre of social influence in a district, leading to the mental and moral advantage of its inhabitants. The council school, as well as the non-provided school, has in a sense worked on the parochial principle, making for itself a local reputation and claiming a local patriotism amongst its pupils. The raising of the school-leaving age, together with the senior and junior school proposals of the Hadow Report, will mean the gradual disappearance of the parochial school. This may or may not be a good thing for the national system of education in this country. Sir Michael Sadler, however, in a recent essay on "Beheading the Country School," has shown that at least some experienced educationists have doubts about the matter. At any rate, such an important revolution should not be settled silently as a side issue, by

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a hastily-contrived measure, such as the Education Bill, 1930.

Finally, the Bill, it will be remembered, professed to render possible agreements between local education authorities and the managers of non-provided schools, which would facilitate schemes of reorganization within an area in accordance with the Hadow recommendations. The conditions of these agreements were of such a nature that the Catholic Hierarchy refused even to consider them in connection with Catholic schools. With regard to Anglican schools, in the absence of any obligation either upon an authority or upon a non-provided school to enter into an agreement, and as the Anglican Episcopate and the Church Assembly have advised their managers, wherever possible, to retain their own Anglican schools intact, the educational advantages which would have been derived from the Bill, were entirely speculative. Indeed the Bill, if placed upon the Statute Book, would have resulted in no general educational advance on the reorganization side, comparable, even faintly, with that secured by the Education Act, 1902.

A careful examination of the above considerations, it is hoped, will convince many that, at any rate, serious doubt exists as to whether the recent Bill would have conferred commensurate educational advantage upon the new age group of 14 to 15 years, that the short period allowed for the introduction of the measure would have caused prejudicial reactions upon all forms of post-primary education already in existence, that no satisfactory general advance in reorganization would have resulted, and that consequently no educational reasons could have been adduced for further sacrifices by Catholics in its regard in connection with their schools.

Catholics, as Catholics, it should be noted, have no views as to the value of raising the school-leaving age. Some will oppose it, some will support it, in each case on educational grounds. Many would prefer the compulsory part-time day continuation school as an alternative, and an equally large number would suggest that permanent educational advance could be best secured by development of various forms of post-primary education

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on a voluntary basis by means of the programme system.

In all the circumstances, however, if Catholics have contributed to the failure of Sir Charles Trevelyan's more recent Bill, do they not deserve well of those interested in the progress of the national system of education in this country?

JOHN GILBERT.

Postscript: Since the above paper was written, Sir Charles Trevelyan has introduced a third Education Bill in the House of Commons. This proposes to raise the School Leaving Age as in Education Bill, 1930, omits the sections dealing with grants in aid for non-provided school-buildings, and the Anson by-law, and proposes substantial changes with regard to the granting of maintenance allowances. The facts and arguments used with regard to the second measure apply with equal force to the corresponding sections of the President of the Board of Education's latest effort. Whether the third Bill will prove more fortunate than its predecessors time will show.

J. G.

ART. 3.—ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS

“ POET ” AND “ MAN-OF-LETTERS ”

I knew thee not, my Lord, because I still desired to know and enjoy things.—St. John of the Cross.

THERE is a tendency among a growing number of modern writers to emphasise the natural poetical and literary gifts of St. John of the Cross* to an extent which too much obscures his qualities as a Saint transformed to an exceptional degree in a close and constant mystical union with God. They credit him with an interest in, a devotion to, an appreciation of, poetry and letters which, upon his own showing, would be quite fatal to attaining that highest state of the mystical union which undoubtedly was his.

I do not think that anyone to-day will dispute that St. John's treatises must be taken as autobiographical, that is to say that he himself went through all the purifications, active and passive, which he describes as essential to attaining mystical union, and that he actually experienced, and through life maintained, those states of union which are described in the commentaries on the *Spiritual Canticle* and the *Living Flame*. Unfortunately only so much of his great treatise on Mystical Theology as relates to the purifications—the *Ascent of Mount Carmel* and *Dark Night*—has come down to us. All that relates to the illuminative way and the unitive way, by him called “spiritual betrothal” and “spiritual marriage,” though most certainly completed, is missing. But much light on the doctrine of union can be learnt from the fragmentary treatise also, for the portions which survive have many most illuminating references to the blessed life on earth which follows the purifications, and there is an entire parenthetical chapter (*Ascent*, II, iv) which declares and defines what the union of the soul with God is. All these help us considerably in determining his state as a mystic.

* I quote from David Lewis's masterly translation of the Works of St. John of the Cross, here and there amending in accordance with the *Edición Crítica*, Toledo, 1912-1914.

To arrive at the possible extent of St. John's interest in poetry, letters, art, nature (for they would have him much taken up about "art" and "nature," too), it is sufficient to realize the shattering results of the life involved in the attainment of the purifications. There is, to St. John, no possibility of union with God unless a man gives up all delights of the flesh, all pleasures of the intellect, and all satisfactions of the will, together with the privation of, and purgation from, all sensitive desires in all outward things (*Asc.*, I, i, §3). "He who loveth anything beside God, renders his soul incapable of the divine union and transformation in God" (*Asc.*, I, iv, §3). "It is supreme ignorance for anyone to think that he can ever attain to the high estate of union with God, before he casts away from him the desire of natural things" (*Asc.*, I, v, §2). As will be seen, the very desires—"every desire and sense of man"—have to go. "I am not here speaking of the absence of things," says the Saint, "for absence is not detachment if the desire remains, but of that detachment which consists in suppressing desire and avoiding pleasure" (*Asc.*, I, iii, §4). And again: "All the voluntary desires . . . must be banished away, and the soul which would attain to perfect union, must be delivered from them all, however slight they may be" (*Asc.*, I, xi, §3). And: "He that will enter into the divine union must put to death all things that live in his soul, be they great or small, many or few; his soul must abstain from all desire thereof, and be as completely detached therefrom as if neither soul nor desire existed" (*Asc.*, I, xi, §11). "The absence of joy in created good [*belles-lettres*, poetry, the arts, nature] . . . sets the heart free for God . . . a disposition meet for all those graces which He will bestow, and without which He will give none" (*Asc.*, III, xix, §5).

This note continues to be sounded throughout the *Ascent* with ever increasing force and impressiveness. The unintermitting recurrence of the same thought, in slightly different words, shows that the Saint intends us to take literally a doctrine so repugnant to human nature. But we must carefully remember, throughout

the whole treatise, that St. John is not laying down a rule of life for all Christians, but is writing only for the very few whom God desires to lead "along the highest road of obscure contemplation and dryness."* Indeed, he tells us specifically that he is addressing only certain of the friars and nuns of the Reform of Mount Carmel (*Asc.*, Prologue, § 10). Such expressions as "the soul," "that soul," "the man," "he," have with him, as a rule, no reference to the ordinary Christian, but only to his adventurous brother who has set out to reach the summit of the Mount of Highest Perfection.

But it is not merely the desires, fatiguing, torturing, darkening, defiling and weakening the soul which indulges them, that have utterly to be rooted out. The very faculties of the soul, the intellect, the memory, the will, have to be made empty and blind, "emptied and purified of all that is not God." Leaving aside to-day the intellect and the will, I can best convey by the briefest exposition of St. John's doctrine of the "blinding of the memory," how utterly impossible it would be for anyone well advanced in the way of the purifications to take delight in poetry, letters, art or nature. I will use the Saint's words, so that I may not fail in accuracy, merely resorting to italics here and there for the sake of emphasis :

"The natural knowledge of the memory is all that knowledge it can form about the objects of the five bodily senses. . . . *The memory must be stripped and emptied of all this knowledge and of these forms ; it must labour to destroy all sense of them, so that no impression whatever of them shall be left behind ; it must forget them, and withdraw itself from them, and that as completely as if they had never entered into it. Nothing less than the complete annihilation of the memory as to these forms will serve, if it is to be united with God. . . . The divine union expels every fancy, and shuts out all forms of knowledge ; it raises the memory to that which*

* Dean Inge cries out and exclaims : " It is a terrible view of life and duty ! " And again : " He would have us cut ourselves completely adrift from the aims and aspirations of civilized humanity ! " (*Christian Mysticism*, pp. 223-230.) No, not us ; but only a very few chosen people who are to receive a pearl of great price in their stead.

is supernatural. The more the memory is united to God *the more it loses all distinct knowledge*, and at last all such fades utterly away, *when the state of perfection is reached*. In the beginning, when this is going on, great forgetfulness ensues . . . because the memory is lost in God. But he who has attained to the habit of union does not forget in this way that which relates to natural and moral reason; he performs in much greater perfection all necessary and befitting actions, *though not by the ministry of the forms and knowledge of the memory*. In the state of union, which is a supernatural state, the memory and the other faculties *fail altogether as to their natural functions*, and rise beyond their natural objects, upwards unto God, Who is supernatural. And thus, then, when the memory is transformed in God, *no permanent forms or knowledge can be impressed upon it*; the operations of the memory, therefore, and of all the other powers in this state, are divine; God has entered into possession, by this transformation, as their absolute Lord, and He guides and governs them Himself divinely by His own spirit and will" (*Asc.*, III, i, *passim*).

Thus are the doors of the faculties of the soul closed upon the outer world, but she lives in no anxiety or alarm. In this state, which has become divine, the memory is divinely stirred. "A perfect man," says St. John boldly, "has at a given time a certain indispensable business to transact. He has no recollection whatever of it: but in some way he knows not, it will present itself to his mind, through that stirring of his memory of which I speak, at the time and in the way it ought, *and that without fail*" (*Asc.*, III, i, § 10). St. Catherine of Genoa went through precisely the same experiences. Her two honourable and eminent biographers tell us more than once that her memory was empty, that all communications made to her passed immediately from her mind when the practical necessity of remembering ceased, but when necessity arose, as it daily did—she occupied the busy and responsible position of *Rettora* or sole directress of the great Pammatone Hospital in Genoa—she appeared to have one

at her ear, telling her how to deal with all matters in hand. * And it is particularly recorded of her that, handling as she did large sums of money for account of the Hospital, her accounts were never once a penny out (*mai si trovò mancare un sol denaro*).† How much more marvellous are these divine operations in the supernaturalized faculties of a favoured few so certain and sure, than are visions, locutions, and revelations, so difficult often to distinguish between the false and the true.

From this brief description of what St. John requires in the soul that would attain to union, and what assuredly his own soul must have submitted to and attained in an extraordinarily full measure, it will surely be sufficiently evident that there can be no place in such souls for the knowledge, the joys, the enthusiasms of the poet, the writer, the artist, or the lover of nature. The soul has put off its natural aptitude, God has invested it with a "new supernatural aptitude" (Lewis's happy phrase) in conformity with the faculties of the soul "by infusing into the soul a new understanding of God in God, the human understanding being set aside, and a new love of God in God, the will being detached from its old desires and human satisfactions, by bringing the soul into a state of new knowledge and of deep delight, all other knowledge and old imaginings being cast away" (*Asc.*, I, v, § 6).

St. John of the Cross had, of course, in a marked degree, all the natural gifts of a great poet and a great writer. Without question his natural temperament, revealed to us by his struggles to conquer it, would incline him to a refined love of all the arts, and to an intense appreciation of all the beauties and wonders of nature. His poetry more than anything confirms this view, and increases our admiration for the heroic struggle he made to obliterate these fine natural feelings.

* Vita e Dottrina, Padua, 1743. Chap. xxxi, § 6.

† *Op. cit.*, C. viii, §§ 2, 3. For a few of the references to Saint Catherine's supernaturalized faculties, see C. xiii, § 3; C. xvii, §§ 2, 3; C. xxx, §§ 6, 7; C. xxxvii, § 1.

His Canticles, the *Dark Night* and the *Spiritual Canticle*, written at Toledo in the dark prison-house to which his brethren had consigned him (A.D. 1578), every line of them charged with spiritual significance, were put together by him entirely for his own satisfaction, and served him as a summary of his most cherished beliefs. The *Spiritual Canticle* was founded on the Song of Solomon. The Canticle, like the Song, is full of beautiful nature poetry, but only, in both cases, as a help to expounding supernatural truths. Without the Song of Songs before him as an inspired and approved model of a Song of Divine Love, there would have been no nature poetry in the *Spiritual Canticle*. The prologue to the commentary on this contains a round apology for the verses which it expounds. The Saint explains why he uses "figures of special comparisons and similitudes," and why these similitudes "may seem to be the effusions of folly rather than the language of reason as anyone may see in the Divine Canticle of Solomon . . . wherein the Holy Ghost, because ordinary and common speech could not convey his meaning, uttered his mysteries in strange terms and similitudes." Assuredly these words eloquently show how far this poet was from offering any mere tribute of homage to the beauties of nature.

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In the light of the clear unequivocal teaching of St. John which I have set forth mainly in his own words, it is indeed singular to find writers of merit who consider that the Saint, although wholly transformed in God, yet had a mind open and ready, a memory alive and susceptible, to all forms of knowledge and all the beauties of nature and art. In a recent article in *The Month*,* the Most Revd. the Archbishop of Hierapolis tells us that St. John of the Cross "revelled in poetry"—revelled; that he had "a poet's vision, a poet's ambition, a poet's restlessness and dissatisfaction, a poet's special field of delight." He even considers that St. John joined a "group" of young Castilian poets: "his later

* July, 1929. *The Self-Portrait of St. John of the Cross.*

poetry proves it with its mystery, its enigmatic imagery." I confess that I find no trace of all this. The austere figure of Juan de Yepes striving, from his early Carmelite days at least, to exclude all forms of knowledge from the memory that he might attain to the highest life on earth, positively forbids the thought of revelry in poetry, and annuls the portrait of a visionary, ambitious, restless, dissatisfied poet.

Fray Silverio, O.D.C., the able editor of the monumental edition in nine volumes of the works of St. Theresa, and present editor of the new critical edition of the works of St. John of the Cross, * devotes considerable attention in his learned *Preliminares* to the Saint's supposed devotion to the beauties of nature. He describes the surroundings of the Convent of the Calvario, St. John's first residence in Andalusia, in choice and elaborate Castilian: complete solitude, an equable climate, luxuriant and varied scenery, a deep clear sky, the songs of birds, the murmur of the rills rising on the Convent Hill, the caresses of gentle zephyrs, in the neighbouring gardens a profusion of orange trees and lemon trees, of pomegranates and palms. † Fray Silverio thinks it "most fortunate" for St. John that he should have come to "gentle and lovely Andalusia," not only for the work he did there for the Reform, but because his sojourn where Nature was so prolific perfected his qualities as a writer, giving "colour to his style and rotundity and grandiosity to his periods, transparent clearness to his conceptions, and furnishing material for those opulent metaphors, the equal of which may only be found in King Solomon's Epithalamium." ‡ It is worthy of attention that thirty out of the thirty-nine (or forty) stanzas of the *Spiritual Canticle* were written in the dark windowless cell of the Convent prison in Toledo, before the Saint had set foot in luxuriant Andalusia, and that there is absolutely no difference between the quality of the verses written in Castile

* *Obras de San Juan de la Cruz, Doctor de la Iglesia, editas y anotadas por el P. Silverio de Santa Teresa, C.D., Burgos, 1929, two vols.* Two further volumes will complete the edition.

† *Op. cit.*, I, 91.

‡ *Op. cit.*, I, 93.

and those written in Andalusia.* I think that this sufficiently, and quite effectually, disposes of the great influence which the natural scenery of Southern Spain is here said to have had upon his verse.

Fray Silverio expresses the positive opinion that St. John was "enchanted" with this beautiful land, and that he must have cried out with St. Peter on Tabor: it is good for us to be here! The day of such enchantments had gone by for him: his attitude, in view of his exalted ideal, could only be one of strenuous resistance. As to its being good for him to be in that lovely land, there is evidence in a letter of St. Theresa's† that St. John wished to be away from luxuriant Andalusia and back again in arid Castile.

No kind of reading is so wearisome as the minute and painstaking correction of error. A tiresome argumentative tone is almost inevitable; the whole thing has a trivial, unnecessary look. The reader soon begins to fume and fidget, he gets bored, skips, and finally transfers his sympathies from the conscientious critic to the offending author. Be that as it may be, I must needs examine in some detail the second volume of a very remarkable, or better a very singular, book on St. John of the Cross which appeared in Spain towards the end of 1929.‡ The author is a Discalced Carmelite Friar in Priest's orders, in Religion Fray Crisogono de Jesús Sacramentado. Note that the book has been examined and approved by two Carmelite theologians and is licensed by the Father Provincial of Castile; it likewise bears the Imprimatur of the Bishop of Avila. Père Cavallera,

* The learned editor has fallen into a grave, if involuntary, slip in stating (p. 134) that the Saint only wrote seventeen stanzas of the *Cantic* in Toledo: he has in error taken the numeration of the second version, instead of the first.

† 24-25 March, 1581, to Jerome Gracián the Provincial. Fray Silverio's edition, III, p. 46; Stanbrook edition, Vol. IV, p. 154.

‡ San Juan de la Cruz *Su obra científica y su obra literaria* por el P. Crisogono de Jesús Sacramentado C.D., Madrid and Avila, 1929. Vol. I, *Su obra científica*, pp. 500. Vol. II, *Su obra literaria*, pp. 476. Vol. I, *Su obra científica*, is certainly the better book of the two, and the better written. I am here concerned only with Vol. II.

in a review of the book in the *Revue d'Ascétique et de Mystique* for January, 1930 (p. 87), informs us that the author had only just completed his twenty-fifth year. The book is an astounding performance in one so young. The author seems to possess as his own gained knowledge all the theology, all the philosophy and history, all the languages, necessary to his difficult and elaborate task. True in the Cloister there must always be willing hands ready to help in such a work, but Fray Crisogono's book has upon it so strong a stamp of individuality, that the entire material labour may well be the work of his hand also. It is always rather a delicate and dangerous thing for the mere foreigner to judge of style in another language, particularly perhaps if that language happen to be the noble and justly magnified Castilian idiom. But after all there is one good test of style the world over—simplicity, intelligibility. The ease with which I read this book gives me the courage to say that its style must assuredly be fine. It is simple and natural, if still graced with a few native flourishes that might well be away, and it is exactly suited to the talented author's marked gift of exposition. We can read such prose for the pleasure of reading Spanish, even when we most lament the author's astounding tendencies and opinions, which in my case applies to more than two-thirds of his pages.

It is an entirely new St. John of the Cross whom Fray Crisogono presents to us. A Saint of sorts is still there, but a restless, pre-occupied Saint. The great man of genius, whom the Saint had hidden with Christ in God, is brought out from this ineffable Sanctuary into the light of day, a poet, a man-of-letters, an artist, a sculptor, a musician, a lover of nature; and this man of genius, who by the mighty efforts of his own heroic soul and the merciful dispositions of Almighty God, has been freed from the natural forms of knowledge which went along with his many-sided nature, is presented to us in the full possession and enjoyment of all those impressions which would be fatal to the divine union which was his in so eminent a degree. If the Saint went into a thicket, or disappeared behind rocks, or went up into a mountain,

or passed the night at his cell window, all this is taken as proof that he actively loved nature, though the desire of solitude for prayer after the manner of Our Lord and a host of Saints and Hermits would be quite sufficient explanation. If he cut figures and made wooden crosses during recreation, it was not that he might pass the time of recreation usefully; he was driven to the work by his artistic leanings (II, 99). If he has left us a drawing of Christ Crucified, it shows us his love of painting: why not rather his love of Christ? (II, 101-103). The drawing of Mount Carmel, prefixed to the *Ascent*, is a wonderful guide to the summit of that *mons benedictus*. It is poor art, but the great soul of the Saint, his spiritualized imagination, are luminously revealed here: our author may think so, too, but to him it is also "another example of the Saint's love of pictorial art" (II, 103).

"The divine art of music enraptured his soul," says Fray Crisogono (II, 108). "A witness tells us," he proceeds, "that they brought musicians to him on his bed of death, 'knowing how fond he was of music.' Music had such an effect on his spirit as to cause him to forget his sufferings. He tells us so in the *Spiritual Canticle*: 'The music of lyres fills the mind with sweetness and delight and carries it rapturously out of itself, so that it forgets all its weariness and grief'" (Stanza xxi, Lewis p. 167). This is a general statement, made in an allegory, of the ordinary effect of music on people in general, and has no direct reference whatsoever to St. John's own feelings. Fray Crisogono, carried away from fact for a moment by enthusiasm for a new and original view, makes the impersonal statement personal, thus: "He tells us in the *Spiritual Canticle* that music had such an effect on his spirit as to cause him to forget his sufferings."

The truth about this incident of the musicians is that when St. John lay dying in great agony in the remote Convent of Úbeda, a soft-hearted lay-brother—may his name live for ever: Pedro de San José—brought to his bedside three musicians with guitars in the hope that their music might distract him from his sufferings. The Saint, touched by such affectionate solicitude, at

first consented to hear them, but as the musicians were tuning their instruments he called Fray Pedro and said : Fray Pedro, I am very grateful to you for your charitable thought . . . but if God has given me the great dolours which I am now enduring, why should I wish to soften and abate them by hearing music ? For the love of Our Lord, thank those good gentlemen for the charity they would do me : I look upon it as already received. Reward them and bid them depart, for I would wish to suffer the loving gifts which God sends me without any easement whatever, so that I may the better merit the graces which they bring." * Here speaks the authentic St. John, but not from the pages of Fray Crisogono, who, having brought the musicians to the cell-door of the Saint, forgets to tell us that the sufferer gently declined their proffered solace.

Fray Crisogono is sad that there is no proper proof forthcoming of St. John's love of architecture. "All the other arts," he says, "were lovingly received into his soul, and even into his system of Mysticism." There is only one mention of architecture in connection with the Saint, and Fray Crisogono admits that it is not very favourable as a confirmation of St. John's love of art. The Marqués de Santa Cruz had built a sumptuous house near the town of Viso, which people came great distances to see. St. John passing near the place with his socius, the latter suggested that they should turn aside and visit a monument so well worth seeing. The Saint replied in his direct fashion : "My Father, we friars do not go about the world to see, but not to see." This, says Fray Crisogono, looks at first sight, like an endeavour to destroy in his soul an aspiration for the beautiful, and as if he wished to extinguish in the soul of his disciple all sympathy for material beauty. "But," he continues, "it is really only a reprimand of ill-repressed curiosity on the part of a Religious. At the bottom of his answer there really palpitates a deep feeling for artistic beauty : to look upon it as a mortification not to

* Père Bruno de J.M., C.D., *Saint Jean de la Croix*, Paris, Plon, 1929, pp. 358-359. A new, a good, and a full life, written in a right spirit, a great advance on much that had gone before, if not yet perfect.

go and see the artistic and sumptuous edifice of the Marqués de Santa Cruz, really shows that it was a true delight to him to see a beautiful architectural structure" (II, 97, 98). A singular conclusion, truly, in a disciple of St. John of the Cross: he reduces his great Master to a mere ascetic in search of elementary acts of mortification, but by his admirable candour he has at least furnished a clear bit of evidence that the Saint was fully determined to exclude from a mind supernaturally filled and transformed, any enjoyment in the fine arts as being fatal to the Divine Treasure which he bore within him!

There is much in this book on St. John's supposed love of nature. I repeat that such a temperament as his would *naturally* love nature. But the negation and purgation of joy in creatures is absolutely essential in his system to the mystical indwelling of God in the soul. Yet again and again does this modern disciple of the Saint affirm that so far from having expelled nature, he was full of it: "Ingenuous and sweet, his tender soul was capable of vibrating delicately to the lightest contact with beauty. . . . Later on we shall see him in ecstasies before beautiful nature, which he loved intensely, perhaps as no poet has ever loved her" (II, 20). And again: "The mystic, as the author of the *Spiritual Canticle* conceives him, is an adorer of beauty, a lover madly enamoured of beauty in all its divers manifestations. Thus, in the writings of St. John of the Cross, we find for the first time aestheticism and mysticism joined together in a close and loving embrace, for throughout life he remained enamoured of the glories of nature and the beauty of art" (II, 60).

"The beauty of the fields also enchanted him. The aridity and desolation of desert places parched his soul; because he saw in their barrenness the image of death; on the other hand his spirit expanded in presence of a rich and exuberant vegetation, because here was the expression of a luxuriant life. For this reason he sought pleasant places with trees, herbs, rivulets and springs. . . . Great plains he found monotonous, and he always preferred the beautiful variability of mountains and the

sight of a spacious, illimitable horizon" (II, 82, 83). (Here follows a description of the beauties round the Calvario.) "Not content with seeing these beauties from afar, he loved to be in the midst of them in order the better to hear the rhythmic harmony of this hymn which sounded so lovely in the ears of the soul of a poet. He was delighted to find himself in thick woods, hidden under the branches of the forest, or seated in the midst of aromatic herbs, his ecstatic spirit drinking in with his eyes the influence of that beauty which penetrated to his very soul" (II, 84).

Without question St. John of the Cross appreciated natural objects as evidences of the existence and love of God, or as capable of furnishing religious lessons. No doubt Fray Crisogono would admit this, too. St. John also appreciated keenly all natural features which contributed to the solitude of a Carmelite Retreat. This is brought out by his first biographer, Fray José de J.M. (*Vida*, 3rd edition, 1927, pp. 280-281), who gives religious reasons, and no other, for the Saint's enjoyment of what he saw from his cell-window. There is love, there is thankfulness for nature, in all this, but it is a sentiment the exact opposite of the exuberant poet-love of nature with which our enthusiastic author is chiefly concerned in crediting him. This St. John was bound to uproot and reject by the stringent principles of his purifications. Fray Crisogono quotes the first biographer (*op. cit.* p. 281) to show that the Saint loved mountain expeditions: "[In order to teach them the love of solitude] he would take his Religious up those mountains as far as some pleasant stream or rocky shelter [and after a brief spiritual talk giving them matter for prayer] he would send them into different parts of the mountain [that they might speak to God in solitude] and he would likewise hide himself [that he might pray]" (II, 84). All the passages of this sentence which I have placed in brackets, giving the deeply spiritual object of these expeditions, have been omitted by our author: if we read between the brackets we find, instead of a lesson in the spiritual life, merely the sprightly details of a pleasant mountain jaunt. He also quotes from the *Ascent* III, xli, § 1, on

the influence of place in moving the will to devotion (II, 85, n.). But he stops short on coming to the following sentence: "It is profitable to make use of such places if the will be immediately raised to God *in forgetfulness of the place*." This imperfect manner of handling texts, when it comes to our notice, is rather fatal to his fine flights about St. John's active love of the glories of nature.

Fray Crisogono is of the opinion that St. John of the Cross was "steeped" in the poetry of Garcilaso de la Vega (1503-1536). There is no evidence that he ever read Garcilaso: that he was steeped in such literature is a manifest exaggeration. On the 24th February, 1563, at the age of twenty-one, he was clothed as a Novice in the Carmelite Convent of Santa Ana at Medina del Campo. From that moment onwards, it is unlikely in the extreme that he ever had Garcilaso's volume in his hand. Nor in his early hard and poor life, when he was assistant in the Hospital at Medina and putting in what time could be spared at the Jesuit College in the same town, is it probable that he read Garcilaso. He was intensely religious from boyhood upwards, and intensely religious people shrank from secular and especially renaissance poetry as full of dangerous contamination. From 1564-1568 St. John was a student at the Carmelite College of San Andrés, which was aggregated to the University of Salamanca. This, of course, was a monastic institution. Is it likely that the works of Boscán and Garcilaso would be found openly on the shelves of a Religious House for students? I should suppose not. Certain positive assertions of Fray Crisogono deserved to be supported by proof, as: "He loved reading Boscán and Garcilaso, and was madly in love with beauty in all its manifestations" (II, 125). "His ear had been trained by reading Garcilaso, whose sweet melody the Saint adapted to his *Spiritual Canticle*" (II, 137). "Records of the day depict him as studying the classical poets and steeped in Garcilaso and Boscán" (II, 220). "Let us not forget that the Saint had read

Garcilaso's poems" (II, 260). By this time, of course, the unwary reader is quite convinced that he had.

On what foundation are these very positive statements made? The Critical Edition of the Works of St. John (1912-1914) revealed a very curious note at the foot of the stanzas of the *Living Flame*, which had been suppressed by the first editor of the *Obras*, 1618. The note in translation runs as follows: "The structure of these stanzas is the same as those to be found in that version of *Boscán* in which the poetry has been recast in a religious sense." * It should be explained that in the first edition (1543) the works of Boscán and Garcilaso were printed in one volume, and consequently the whole volume was popularly referred to as *Boscán*. As I have said, pious people in Spain fought shy of renaissance poetry, and a certain Sebastián de Córdoba, a tolerable poet apparently, seized upon the Boscán and Garcilaso volume and, observing the original metre, transformed the main contents from secular to religious verse (*Boscán á lo divino*). † Fortunately, added to the note, St. John gives a specimen of three lines from Sebastián's *Boscán* of the type of stanza which he is imitating, as follows:

La soledad siguiendo
Llotando mi fortuna
Me voy por los caminos que se of recen.

Sebastián de Córdoba is here dealing with Garcilaso's Canción II, which opens:

La soledad siguiendo
Rendido á mi fortuna
Me voy por los caminos que se ofrecen.

Observe that Sebastián has only found it necessary to change one line of the three. But there can be no

* "La compostura de estas liras sono coma aquellas que en Boscán están vueltas á lo divino." In translating a little paraphrasing has perforce been necessary.

† *Las obras de Boscán y Garcilaso trasladadas á materias cristianas y religiosas por Sebastian de Córdoba*. . . . Granada, 1575. A second edition appeared at Saragossa, 1577, a witness to the popularity of that kind of literature and of the needs of religious people.

question whatsoever that St. John in his note is quoting Sebastián and not Garcilaso. Fray Crisogono admits it to the full: "St. John of the Cross is most assuredly here quoting Boscán and Garcilaso in the arrangement of Sebastián de Córdoba" (II, 25). Yet just before he writes: "It is not permissible to doubt that at this time [the Salamanca period] he read Boscán and Garcilaso; *he quotes them once*. From them he took his favourite strophes, the *lira* of five lines . . . and the *lira* of six." And again: "That he learnt this kind of versification from Boscán and Garcilaso it is impossible to doubt, in view of the celebrated note which he added to the *Living Flame*" (II, 137). What is to be made of this double appeal as if to the two renaissance poets though really to a source which is not their work? Does he mean to imply that Boscán and his brother poet only influenced St. John through Sebastián de Córdoba's imitations? The statement is wanting in explicitness: as it stands, it surely is not quite candid literary criticism.

After giving us, on II, 25-26, three examples in which St. John has been influenced by Sebastián's adaptations, the author, without any warning of the change, proceeds to give instances in which he supposes St. John to have been influenced by the real Garcilaso. *Gar. Oh tela delicada: St. J. rompe la tela. Gar. duro encuentro: St. J. dulce encuentro. Gar. mano delicada: St. J. mano blanda; toque delicado.* "St. John of the Cross," adds this critic with conviction, "transfers to the *Living Flame* the words *encuentro, tela, mano, and delicada*. It is impossible to read these lines of the poet of Toledo without remembering the poet of Fontiveros" (II, 27). Surely these four words, encounter, web, hand, delicate, are of a common stock, and might be used by one poet who had never seen them in the verses of another. One last and a triumphal proof that St. John is under a debt to Garcilaso. The latter, in his Sonnet xxiii, sings of a woman whose golden hair floating in the wind left bare her beautiful neck. *Hair and neck*, this critic says, St. John transferred from Garcilaso to Stanza xxxi (xxii of first version) of the *Spiritual Canticle*. But in the latter it is a question of one hair only. St. John in

his Canticle is influenced throughout by the Song of Solomon, and he here copies it literally: *et in uno crine colli tui* (C. of C., iv, 9). Solomon, not Garcilaso, was the model. We have in these "proofs" an instance of what a severe critic would call the "influencing theory" gone mad. I am sorry for the reader, by this time perhaps, not a little justly irritated. But if he has any love and admiration for St. John, he will understand that the subject is not trifling but important, and that it had to be dealt with straitly and without ambiguities.

The author ends the subject of the *Poesia de San Juan de la Cruz* with a rapture, the conclusion of which I will quote for the further enlightenment of the reader:

"Let seekers after rhetorical effects dwell upon the tiny defects of these divine songs: I, seated at the feet of the gentle Discalced Friar, will gather ecstatically the ineffable stream of beauty which falls from his sanctified lips; I will apply my ears to the sweet sounds which he draws from his lyre, and with my soul filled with heavenly, with angelic, harmonies I will repeat these lines:

Donec erunt ignes arcusque Cupidinis arma,
Discentur numeri . . . tui.

So long as there shall be any love of beauty in this world, O divine John of the Cross, thy numbers will not fail to be sung!" (II, 441). *

I think that that perhaps will be enough for to-day. That a young friar of the austere and illustrious Order of Mount Carmel to do honour to the greatest of its Saints, should invoke the wanton god of sexual love in the language of one great erotic poet addressed to another great erotic poet, shows that Time has ceased to amble and the world is moving fast. It also shows, better than any further exposition, the crumbling nature of the basic sentiment of this book. The hard hitting of the old "savage and tartarly" Reviews has gone out of the fashion: the critic's main function to-day seems merely

* I supply the reference to these lines, which the author has not given: Ovid, Amor. Lib. I, Eleg. xv, 27-28. He has left out the "culte Tibulle," and we are, I suppose, to insert a "culte Joannes."

to praise. Good manners require that he leave to his reader the choice of such exclamatory imprecations and monosyllabic ejaculations as will best ease his ruffled spirit. But I do not praise this book: I cannot. Nor can I utterly condemn a work so full of the promise of great things. My long task being at an end, I will simply put the book aside in the hope that its gifted author may see fit to amend it in the true spirit of that incomparable Saint and Mystic who is his natural Master, but whom he must seek on the *nada* of the Ascent of Mount Carmel and not amidst the exotic vegetation an earthly Paradise.

MONTGOMERY CARMICHAEL.

ART. 4.—RELIGION, THE TOWN, AND THE COUNTRY

THE tendency of people in late stages of their civilization to gather into towns is an old story. In his Odes (iii, 6), Horace in Rome saw what we are now witnessing in Britain—the fields and plough deserted, the crowds pressing into the cities; and, noting the growing degeneracy, he foretold the consequences, truly as we know. That “man shall not live by bread alone” is as true as ever it was; yet our present development goes in the widdershins direction, as if we were strangely enchanted, while the Sibyl is tearing out page on page from the Book of Destiny.

As Britain, Western Europe, and America become more mechanized, the effect each year on more millions of human beings of the modern industrial habitat, upon their pace and tone, and upon their *morale* and spiritual attitudes, will be an increasing concern of all who teach or who mould character and opinion. How far can deep and intense personal religion flourish amid the extremest forms of metropolitan or industrial activity, will be asked even more urgently than it is to-day.

Man, generally speaking, develops from the *natural* surroundings as given, to the artificial and *civilized*; and when this second, and in some ways superior, state has gone through its phases to over-elaboration, and uses up more peace of mind and nervous tissue than he will afford, man begins to ask questions from very various standpoints—from the merely *revolutionary* one, with sabotage as the answer, to the supernatural and *spiritual*, with selection and renunciation as the answer. Both schools exist to-day, with many varieties of criticism between.

In the last half century or more there has taken shape in many of the vast industrial and commercial areas of the world the vague and uneasy feeling that complex, harassing city existence—the “Mapped life”, as Saki (C. K. Munro) called it—is antagonistic to Christian or spiritual living and feeling; and that therefore the Faith (personal and group) must wage a more difficult fight with the ever-rising tide of din,

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worry, preoccupation, speed, and the intricacy of the encroaching mechanism. Imaginative artists give us the Robot idea, the "Metropolis" myth of the future; we are bidden behold the world turned into Pavement, concrete skyscrapers, reinforced cement dormitories, aerial trains, tubes, leisure-eating telephones, television, and wireless; a world *sans* privacy, self-communing, recollection, or still converse with God.

And men feel that this threatening "dailiness" may be only beginning. Its signs are the receding countryside, the gashes made by arterial roads and petrol stations, the unwillingness of multitudes to be alone or even quiet, the desertion of peaceful churches on Sundays for the racket of the by-pass road and the crowded cinema, the amazing growth of the herd-mind, the growing suggestibility of the masses by big circulations, the apparent increasing inability of numbers to muse, to think or say the *original* thing, the unpopular or unpaying thing. The "preservation of England" movement is the crusade of a few, and the whole gravitation of employment schemes, speculation, industrial expansion, the travel itch, and housing plans is against it; against also the church-going or even the God-remembering habit. Conditions are in the saddle and ride us. The town, as 1930 knows it, is an utterly different proposition from the town as earlier centuries have known it. It not only prevents recollectedness in the obvious way; it corrodes the taste for it, and tires the human sensibility. Men with a turn for serious, poetic, or spiritual reading sometimes return from the scrimmage of street and tube too harried to think of much, for several hours, except to sit or to listen-in.

In small dosage, the trophies of civilization and invention can be quite exhilarating. The sight and sound of an express train roaring by like a lighted fuse; of a squadron of aeroplanes marching across the sky in arrowhead formation; of the *Bremen*, a Cunarder or White Star liner; of a Fleet Street basement when many vast presses are pouring out leagues of newsprint, and gently rocking the building; of a great engine room; of linotypes and electrical reckoning machines; of a busy

spinning-mill, or a foundry working at high pressure—these are some of the experiences which for the time tend to make others than a Marinetti or a Kipling lyrical. Man is felt then to be a noble animal, and the still small voice which asks about ultimate direction and values is stiller and smaller than usual.

And here I doubt whether some of our wisest thinkers as yet allow for the peculiar power of our increased modern *tempo* to affect us. All is not said when we agree that our bodily movements, our machinery, and our nervous reactions have been accelerated, even in the last twenty years; the speeding-up has undoubtedly penetrated the very idioms of our speech and our writing, so that the rhythm and address of many of our books stand to-day where journalism stood a quarter of a century ago. And journalism has whipped itself into a rapid code that goes directly as possible to eye and ear, without exordium or ceremony. It is easier at the moment to see the losses than the gains. The main loss is the frequent inconsecutiveness of our processes, our public failure to "think through", our hasty habit of question-begging, and slipshod logic. If old truths, and convictions which our forefathers have tested on their pulses and in the heart, are to be brought home to people in the contemporary whirl, it is obvious that these will have to be suitably mediated; and while the jargon and fallacies peculiar to the moment are avoided, the accent of the time will have to be used with discretion. And staid scholarship which has never ruffled it in the market-place ought not to put these "middlemen" of truth under suspicion, nor to condemn as vulgar what may only be "the English of it". This is the legitimate meaning of re-statement; certainly not the tampering with the substance or form of truth's self.

Industry meanwhile in densely populated areas stresses at all hours the life of the nerves, the scheming wits, the materially-oriented intellect; while it inexorably tends to starve those two more ancient regions of man's nature—the *physical* on the one hand, and the *spiritual* on the other. The middle tracts of man are intensively stimulated; and vitality is withdrawn from those two

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health-giving reaches of his being, the animal nature, and the soul. These conditions favour smatterers and sciolists; who, as Wells admits in his latest book, fear the trouble of meditation and hate to be left in anything like solitude; bright but superficial types who are expert in the patter of the period, and have the appearance of knowledge without the reality or the discipline. Still more important, life in mechanized surroundings in time obscures the vision, which the dweller amid Nature has always before him, of our "sublime dependences" in seedtime and harvest, "rain and snow fulfilling His word". He receives his food canned, his entertainment mass-produced, his music tinned, his news syndicated, his opinions standardized, his theology diluted, his transit mechanized. If this is more than a stage of transition, if this pressure and occasionally outrageous racket be verily the last word of our civilization, then we must pronounce it barbarism, a kind of organized "rag" in honour of Mammon. Those who value the best in man will have to take remedies commensurately stern; and with considered violence *force* a place for quiet and thought, for reverie and prayer.

Bergson and others before him have shown us that matter and intellect are related; and we see how material and intellectual attainment quickly become hostile to real progress and fruition. They breed the exploiter and plutocrat, the machine-slave and snob, the imitative soul and popularity-worship. Who is the truly civilized man? Surely he who is not the creature merely of externals. Civilization, we need it to be proclaimed, is a matter of character, not of engines, intellect, or body. The genuine success is—superiority to the mob or clique standards of success. It is a curious fact that such quantitative standards as are general have produced a condition of affairs in which just those abilities and traits which the better citizen *despises in himself and blames in others* are cried up as the essence and meaning of *national* welfare. Industrialism is committed to an anti-civilization policy.

The danger of the "swarm" spirit is well put by Mr. W. J. Turner. There seems to be a law in psychology

by which human beings tend naturally to follow the line of least resistance, so that poor art thought and belief tend to drive out the good, just as in currency bad money drives out good. The mass-produced, over-commercialised mental fare of the town-reared populations deprave the palate and conscience. "The fact that we eat a pudding with relish is proof only of our enjoyment, not of the pudding's real value, because we may die immediately of it", he says. "If the palate is not well-balanced and in a healthy state, we cannot trust our appetite. It is an equal mistake to believe that we may indiscriminately trust our enjoyment of works of art, and think that what gives us pleasure must be good. Of course, all purveyors of amusements to the public endeavour to spread this illusion. They are quite indifferent to the after-effects. Provided there is immediate enjoyment of their goods, a whole generation of men and women may sink into mental decay and emotional degeneracy; for, by the time that has happened, the purveyors will be sleeping in the House of Lords or coming up to town once in three months to sit as heavily-paid directors on a board of a joint-stock company which goes on making profits out of corrupted tastes. This is not matter for moral indignation, but merely for clear-headedness".

The medical officer and the master of the spiritual life agree that, for his true health and fulfilment, man needs due spacing out. Contacts and calls upon his attention ought not to exceed a certain urgency or rate of frequency; incessant motion is destructive of personality and the finer mind. We have a strictly finite quantum of attention, and if it has to be squandered upon movement, ways and means, transit, trifles, and the mounting impertinences of continual business, or strenuous pleasures, there is none left for the self. "The people", says Christopher Dawson, "who allow the natural bases of society to be destroyed by the artificial conditions of the new urban civilization will gradually disappear, and their place will be taken by those populations which live under simpler conditions and preserve the traditional forms of the family". The poets and others

then have been talking science, not sentiment, when they commended as a necessity simple life, the family, leisure, and spacious rhythms in human life. The common-wealth is the common-health, the common wellness; and wise statesmen would look first, in the ordering of national affairs, to the effect which is produced on health, character, spirituality: and institutions, callings, occupations, habits and methods of life are to be measured and estimated first, and beyond every other consideration, by this test. No nation lives long which attaches to its wealth any other meaning; yet, as Aristotle observed, democracies forget this.

Democracies, and particularly town and industrial democracies, says Froude, "are the blossoming of the aloe, the sudden squandering of the vital force which has accumulated in the long years when it was contented to be healthy and did not aspire after a vain display. The aloe is glorious for a single season. It progresses as it never progressed before. It admires its own excellence, looks back with pity on its earlier and humbler condition, which it attributes only to the unjust restraints in which it was held. It conceives that it has discovered the true secret of being 'beautiful for ever', and in the midst of the discovery it dies". And in another place, in *Oceana*, he observes that "the experience of all mankind declares that a race of men sound in soul and limb can be bred and reared only in the exercise of plough and spade, in the free air and sunshine, with country enjoyments and amusements, never amid drains and smoke-blacks and the eternal clank of machinery. . . . The native vigour of our temperament might defy the influence of such a life for half a century. Experience, even natural probability, declares that the grandchildren of the occupants of these dens must be sickly, poor and stunted, whom no school teaching however excellent could save from physical decrepitude".

And Mr. Dawson may be cited again in agreement: "The rhythm of social life is accelerated, since it is no longer forced to keep time with the instinctive life of nature. It is not merely a transformation of material culture, it involves a biological change which must

profoundly affect the character of the race itself. It is as yet impossible to know if man will be able to adapt himself successfully to conditions which are so entirely different from those of the past. There is a danger that the sudden outburst of energy which has characterized the new urban industrial civilization may be followed by a premature exhaustion of social and physical vitality, and may thus become a source of social degeneration". He, too, later admits the possibility that man *might* reach a new stage of equilibrium in which the vital force is *scientifically* safeguarded. But even so, the danger of such a precarious and artificially sustained balance is great. Some prescient ancient Romans saw in advance precisely the same perils coming up; but arrest was not possible. Greece, like Rome, did not die of senescence simply; but of unbalance. True, our urban development has not quite the parasitic character of the ancient; and our possibilities of scientific control are much greater. But what then? Our social changes are far more fundamental, and more universal in their consequences than theirs! So the "monstrous dangers" facing us, of which Mr. Wells speaks in his latest book, are every whit as urgent as any the antique world confronted. Blind or inco-ordinate activity will not avail us. The chance founding of rural settlements by enthusiasts shows a healthy instinct, perhaps, and an appreciation of the present malady; and ridicule of such pioneers is misplaced; but what our civilization needs is social and moral and religious unification from a governing and administrative centre, and on a fitting scale.

At the moment such a policy, or the vision behind such a policy, is not visible; except in the Catholic social philosophy, whose mere existence is perhaps not suspected by more than five per cent of British members of Parliament. It happens that a new book from America, by a liberal non-Catholic, Dr. J. H. Randall, points out to the general public that "the Catholic Church is reaping the benefits of her steadfast adherence to medieval social ideals. In the age of Faith the Church undertook to organize an entire society on a religious

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basis; *and the machinery of ideal and structure is still there*".

In England, at any rate, it does not look as though, for years yet, legislation will call for its production, or plagiarise from it; and much may happen meanwhile. Mentally, not many seem equipped to take up the medieval synthesis where it was dropped; and till then European thought will lack inner unity. The dossiers relating to working hours and conditions (agricultural or industrial) at the League of Nations bureau is as far as we have got, practically, in a tentative way to facing these problems. For the time, we can but spread our own view of the primacy of the agricultural craft and its auxiliary callings over all others whatever; support any school of thought which shares that estimate; and for ourselves add as little as may be to what Nietzsche calls "the noisy bom-bom of the Fair". We can in part spiritualize and intelligize the mental revolt that is beginning, too, by expounding that social "ideal and structure". After all, even bewilderment bred by complexity recedes before knowledge of a goal, and the capacity to follow a direction.

For even secular writers like Mr. Wells cast around for some form of "retreat" from the consuming or corroding "everydayism". Instinctively "the world" (a phrase of Our Lord's which impressed Leopardi by its expressive quality) is recognized by reflective men, even those of little faith, as the enemy of the finer mind, as the chief vulgarizing agency. Sanctuary from these forces exists in monastery, in organized retreats, and more frequently in the visit to the altar which is a habit of most Catholics, but of these only a minority of the total population avail themselves; and the overwhelming majorities, hard pressed as some of them are, hear of them not at all, and pass to their graves knowing nothing of the symmetries of the Faith. They hope to build Jerusalem in a green and pleasant land merely by good intentions and without a plan.

The problem is outstripping the empirists and enthusiasts. Even in the last year thousands more farm labourers have lost their jobs as the fruitful soil of

England has fallen down to grass ; and over 90 per cent of our wheat for bread is imported. Mr. Bensusan cites a parish where 1,500 acres under plough kept 200 men busy ; to-day there are fewer than 100 acres ; cottages have disappeared from the pleasant face of the earth, and only a stray fruit tree on a patch of waste ground leads the curious to guess at some home that once was. Goldsmith, it is clear, wrote his *Deserted Village* too early ; it was even more prophecy than lament. The last village shop has disappeared from that parish—all too typical—and the last of the old farming families has gone. Most of the farms belong to the banks, which have advanced money on mortgage and dare not foreclose. Yet the farmers did honestly fulfil their part of what might be called a national contract. And—though politicians do not know it—home-grown food is not dear food. There is room (in England and Wales alone) for a quarter of a million workers, whom the farmer could well afford to pay if the State took the land seriously. Instead, as Mr. Bensusan points out, they are on the dole, and their spare money goes to cinema-owners and a foreign tobacco trust. Hodge and Madge, Mr. Blunden recently said, are to be seen more and more in the town, at the Woolworth store, the film palace, or the public-house. Our soil is better than that on which Germany feeds most of her seventy millions, or from which Denmark exports sufficient to maintain herself in modest affluence. Travelling abroad, one feels, even in their towns, a less urban and congested atmosphere than in communities here of the same size and population. And the benefit to nerve and stamina are noticeable.

Everyone wishes any Government well in the effort to find an agricultural policy. We import £62 millions' worth of butter and cheese. We give away £52 millions' worth of pig products, most of which we could supply ourselves. No apples under the sun, an expert says, are as good as ours, and there are periods when we could export in bulk ; so also our pears. Our milk consumption is nearly half of what it should be ; and our livestock output (£79 millions) is admitted to be far less than it might be with advantage.

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But the material facts of self-preservation yield in importance to the arguments of soul-preservation. If we look through any general collection of religious or reflective verse we shall be surprised, I think, by the proportion of them which call upon the countryside for their images. Rule out altogether deliberate nature-poetry with a Theistic or Christian turn (and this would fill a volume or two, from our literature alone), and still the mass of it which could only have been written by men drenched in rural similitudes remains impressive. Now and then it walks forth, the countryman unabashed, as in Norman Gales' lines :

Here in the country's heart,
Where the grass is green,
Life is the same sweet life
As it e'er hath been.

Trust in a God still lives,
And the bell at morn
Floats with a thought of God.
O'er the rising corn.

God comes down in the rain,
And the crop grows tall—
This is the country faith,
And the best of all.

To that note, something in the northern and western European (and no doubt American and Australian) heart vibrates irresistibly. Cultured and unsophisticated alike feel it ; the sole difference between scholar and simple here being that the former's taste prefers the sentiment in classic or allusive form, and the other is content with the emotion, even if crudely presented. It was, of course, intensely realized by pre-Christian poets :

In the clear blue windless abysses high in the home of the summer,
Shrouded in keen deep blaze, unapproachable ; there ever youthful
All day long they rejoiced : and the stars rang loud to their
singing.
Chanting of order and right, and of Foresight, Warden of nations ;

Chanting of labour and craft, and of wealth in the port and the
 garners ;

Chanting of valour and fame, and the man who can fall with the
 foremost,

Fighting for children and wife *and the field which his father
 bequeathed him.*

Freedom from promiscuous contacts and "madding
 crowds" is of the greatest use (the Fathers tell us) to
 prepare the heart as wax for the impress of divine teach-
 ing ; for stillness heals the nerves, rests the mind, calms
 the passions—and enables reason to extirpate them.
 "Quiet", said St. Basil, "is the first step in our sancti-
 fication. Thus the mind falls back upon itself, and thence
 ascends to the contemplation of God". And St. Gregory,
 recalling how authority drew him from repose and
 prayer to action, said his soul "undergoes the busy work
 of secular men, and for that fair beauty of its quiet,
 is dishonoured with the dust of the earth . . . It comes
 home indeed, but is no longer what it used to be".

Speaking of those Christians in whom instinct had
 free way, the monks, Newman says : "They sought in
 the lonely wood or the silent mountain-top, the fair
 uncorrupted form of nature, which spoke only of the
 Creator". And with that silvery, winding eloquence,
 and exquisite rhythm of which he is a master, he proceeds :
 "To the monk heaven was next door ; he formed no
 plans, he had no cares ; the ravens of his father Benedict
 were ever at his side. He made his way into the laby-
 rinthine forest, and he cleared just so much of space
 as his dwelling required, suffering the high solemn trees
 and the deep pathless thicket to close him in. . . . And
 when he would employ his mind, he turned to Scripture,
 the book of books, and there he found a special response
 to the peculiarities of his vocation ; for there super-
 natural truths stand forth as the trees and flowers of
 Eden in a divine disorder, as some awful intricate garden
 or paradise which he enjoyed the more because he could
 not catalogue its wonders".

The ideal and reward of the ancient monachism was
 "*summa quies*"—the absence of all excitement, sensible
 and intellectual ; and the vision of Eternity. By Newman

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it was called "a return to that primitive age of the world, of which poets have so often sung, the simplicity of Arcadia or the reign of Saturn; it is as a bringing back of these real, not fabulous, scenes of innocence and miracle, when Adam delved, or Abel kept sheep, or Noe planted the vine, and angels visited them. It was a fulfilment in the letter, of the glowing imagery of prophets, about the evangelical period. Nature for art, the wide earth and majestic heavens for the crowded city, the subdued and docile beasts of the field for the wild passions and rivalries of social life, tranquillity for ambition and care, divine meditation for the exploits of the intellect, the Creator for the creature". And how would Virgil, "who thought the country proprietor as even too blessed, did he but know his own blessedness, and who loved the valley, winding stream, and wood, and the hidden life which they offer and the deep lessons which they whisper—how could he have illustrated that wonderful union of prayer, penance, toil and literary work, the true *'otium cum dignitate'*, a fruitful leisure and a meek-hearted dignity, which is exemplified in the Benedictine!"

Whether again in England we shall see the re-marriage of soul and soil, none can determine as yet; it is a race between the widening of enlightenment and the momentum of the baser commercial forces.

As I conclude this paper, the Prime Minister expresses the grave fear that, in neglecting her countryside, England has for over a century been dangerously "cutting her roots" for the sake of a specialised and lop-sided industrial development. It is now seen that the towns have long since passed saturation-point. And at the same time, never was life in the country so attractive in its conditions with village institutes, extra education with grants, libraries, wireless, constant coach services, and better housing.

W. J. BLYTON.

ART. 5—GREEK ORACLES.

1. Professor Stützele, *Das griechische Orakelwesen*. Ellwangen, 1887, 1891.
2. W. H. Roscher, *Neue Omphalosstudien*, Leipzig, Teubner, 1915.
3. T. Dempsey, *The Delphic Oracle*. Oxford, Blackwell, 1918.
4. Charles Picard, *Éphèse et Claros*. Paris, Boccard, 1922.
5. E. Bourguet, *Delphes*. Paris, "Les Belles Lettres", 1925.
6. T. C. Oesterreich, *Possession, Demoniaccal and Other* (trans. D. Ibberson), Kegan Paul, 1930.

THE purpose of this paper is really to ask some questions about things which are perplexing to me, not to put forward any new theory of my own as satisfying.

That ancient oracular utterance was akin to the utterances of mediums to-day seems unquestionable. The ancient accounts all agree that the utterances were made in an abnormal state, a kind of madness or frenzy, in which the ordinary consciousness of the Pythia or the prophet seemed suspended. And it is natural that whatever theory we are led to hold about modern psychic phenomena by a study of them we should apply to analogous phenomena in the ancient world.

But did the Pythia at Delphi, or the mediums at other oracular shrines, pour out *extempore* Greek verses? The evidence is strangely conflicting.

With regard to Delphi, Strabo's account is: "They say that the oracular seat is a cave, going perpendicularly down and narrow at the mouth, and that out of this ascends an exhalation which produces a state of ecstasy; and over the mouth of the cleft, they say, is a high tripod, which the Pythia ascends in order to receive the exhalation. It is said that she then utters oracles both in metre and not in metre, and that these are afterwards put into metre by certain poets who work for the shrine" (ix, 419).

This is not very clear. When the oracles uttered by the Pythia were in metre, there would be no need of the professional poets; if it means only that the oracles uttered by the Pythia not in metre were put into metre by the poets, we have, against that, the fact that the oracles actually given forth to inquirers were often in prose. Even from the beginning of historical times, as Plutarch

points out with instances, Delphi issued prose oracles as well as oracles in verse.

But Plutarch asserts quite definitely that the Pythia had in the past produced Greek verses in an abnormal condition, and occasionally did so still. He mentions (*De Pyth. Orac.* 25) the theory that professional poets put the oracles into metre, but he mentions it only as something which used to be said to the discredit of the oracle. The speaker in his dialogue will not for a moment admit such slanders. Plutarch's whole argument would be pointless unless the Pythia herself, a woman of humble origin and poor education, had uttered oracles in verse. And the testimony of Plutarch certainly has weight, because his character, as we know it by his writings, is that of a man who would not intentionally give a false representation of things, and he had good opportunities of knowing what went on at Delphi. He himself held the position of a priest at Delphi from A.D. 95 to his death thirty odd years later.

It would be important if we could know whether those resorting to the oracle of Delphi themselves saw the Pythia sitting on the tripod and themselves heard her speak, or whether they were only told by the priests that the Pythia had sat upon the tripod and only had the oracles as the priests or *prophētai* delivered them. If the latter was the case, the hypothesis of fraud by the priests has obviously much greater likelihood.

The excavations of the French, in showing that there is no chasm at all in the *adyton*, have presented scholarship with a pretty puzzle. An article by Mr. A. P. Oppé in the *Journal of Hellenic Studies* (vol. xxiv, 1904, pp. 214 ff.) demonstrated that references to the chasm in Greek authors are not found before the last century B.C., and that Plutarch seems to know nothing about it. It has been suggested that the chasm may really once have existed and have been closed by an earthquake. An earthquake sufficient to close the chasm would have very considerably disordered the foundation of the walls. According to a statement of Homolle's (*Bull. de Corr. Hell.*, xx, 1896, p. 731), the walls show evidence of some disturbance, but whether of disturbance enough

to have closed the chasm without leaving a trace only an expert examining the state of things on the spot can say. French scholars seem now disposed to declare outright that the whole story of the chasm was a pious fraud perpetrated by the priests; the Germans, Pomtow and Roscher, still hope that the credit of the Delphic priests may be saved. They cling to the hope that when the *adyton* has been more thoroughly cleared, the chasm may come to light. In Strabo's account it is curious that all he tells us about what is inside the *adyton* is given on hearsay—"they say that the oracular seat is a cave," etc. Could he have written like that if anyone going to Delphi could see for himself whether there was a chasm or not in the *dyton*? Can we imagine anyone now writing an account of London and, after describing St. Paul's outside, adding: "They say that in the principal aisle there is a monument of the Duke of Wellington"? Strabo's account seems to imply that inquirers at Delphi did not see the Pythia when she sat over the chasm—or was alleged to sit over the chasm.

Supposing excavation does ultimately fail to find any trace of fissure in the floor of the *adyton*, is there any possible way by which the priests of Delphi can be acquitted of having kept up for centuries a deliberate fraud? It seems to me just possible that they may have asserted in good faith the existence of a crack in the ground as an explanation how the Pythia came to receive inspiration, meaning not such a fissure as human eyes could detect, but a crack invisibly fine which must be believed to be there. There would be an analogy to this in the curious old Indian belief that there is a cleft in the crown of the human skull, through which the soul passes out at death or for dream-journeys into the spirit world—a cleft which no one could locate with certainty. We must remember that the Delphic oracle had been originally an oracle of the Earth Mother, not of Apollo, and it was a spirit coming up from the world below, the realm of ghosts, who spoke through the diviner.

At any rate, it seems highly probable that the people resorting to the oracle did not see what went on in the

adyton, though there is one document which may be adduced to prove that they did. This is the oracle given in Herodotus viii, 140, in the last line of which the Pythia says to the Athenian envoys, "Quit the *adyton*!" The oracle is cited by Pomtow in his article on Delphi in Pauly-Wissowa to prove that envoys did go into the *adyton*. But in the sentences introducing the oracle, Herodotus had said, "When the envoys had entered the *megaron* and taken their seats there, the Pythia uttered an oracle to them, as follows". The *megaron* seems to be the waiting-room adjoining the *adyton*. Probably then we should understand *adyton* in the verse of the oracle in an extended sense, as including the *megaron*, as well as the *adyton* proper. If so, it would be compatible with the supposition that the envoys did not see what went on in the *adyton*, and only heard a voice proceeding from it.

If the inquirers could not see into the *adyton*, one has four suppositions to consider as possible: (1) that the whole story about the Pythia uttering oracles in a state of frenzy was a lie of the priests, and the oracles were always concocted by them in cold blood; (2) that the Pythia really did go into an abnormal trance-condition, and in that condition emit Greek verses; (3) that the Pythia uttered only confused words and sounds, and the priests or professional poets put these, as best they could, into sense and metre; (4) that the verses were sometimes really uttered by the Pythia in a trance-condition, and sometimes made up by the priests or poets, fraud supplying the gaps whenever inspiration failed.

If we consider these suppositions in the light of present-day mediumistic utterance, we should, I think, expect a certain difference in the products according as they were the work of lucid rational calculation, or, on the other hand, were trance-utterances. Whether we think that in trance-utterance some intelligence other than the medium's is at work, or whether we hold that it all comes out of the medium's mind, stimulated by peculiar conditions, such utterance differs at any rate from rational calculated utterance by the admixture of a great deal which seems casual and pointless,

the irruption of images and words, suggested to the medium by some other mind or surging up from the medium's own subconsciousness. We should expect in oracles so produced a good deal of pure nonsense.

In this connexion I may refer to the production of a Greek oracle which came within my own knowledge. It happened to an old schoolfellow and intimate friend of mine who died in 1929 in New Zealand, Canon A. W. H. Compton. When he was at Cambridge as a young man he stayed one vacation in a house where table-turning took place. He made an experiment with his sister. There was no professional medium present. In the course of the séance the table began a sentence which, as taken down according to the English alphabet, made no sense, and the table stated that the sentence was Greek. Since Compton was the only one of the two who knew any Greek, he gave the Greek alphabet, and the table spelt out the words $\pi\eta\ \tau\eta\ \delta\acute{\epsilon}\xi\epsilon\iota\sigma\theta\ \sigma\pi\upsilon\zeta\omicron\upsilon\sigma\theta\ \iota\kappa\mu\acute{\alpha}\delta\iota\ \kappa\alpha\iota\ \zeta\acute{\upsilon}\gamma\varphi\ \iota\kappa\eta\eta$ (I put in accents and iota-subscripts). The words are all known Greek words except $\sigma\pi\upsilon\zeta\omicron\upsilon\sigma\theta$, which might be a dialectical variation for $\sigma\phi\upsilon\zeta\omicron\upsilon\sigma\theta$ on the analogy of $\sigma\phi\upsilon\rho\iota\varsigma\text{-}\sigma\pi\upsilon\rho\iota\varsigma$. If it be so taken, the words would presumably mean, "Where comest thou with the keen throbbing moisture and the yoke?" The words seem an attempt at an hexameter—a very rude and irregular one, it is true: Plutarch says that the verses of the Pythia were bad verses. The circumstances make the hypothesis of fraud impossible.* Even the theory that it came out of Compton's mind is difficult. He did not know the meaning of $\kappa\mu\acute{\alpha}\delta\iota$ till he looked it out afterwards in a lexicon, and he could make nothing of $\sigma\pi\upsilon\zeta\omicron\upsilon\sigma\theta$. Nor had he any notion that the words had pretensions to be in metre, till I pointed it out to him. The line seems like the utterance of some one to whom Greek came naturally, but who for that very reason was careless in his composition and choice of verbal form. No event occurred in the subsequent life of my friend to give the line any particular application. It remained as pointless

* Compton's sister, Mrs. T. A. B. Causton, who was the only person with him at the table on this occasion, has kindly confirmed my recollections of what Compton told me at the time.

as the words which may come to one in a state between sleeping and waking. If anyone adopts Professor Broad's theory of spiritualistic utterance, that there is often behind it a kind of *débris* of human discarnate minds, he might well opine that such a line proceeds from the confused half-extinguished consciousness of an ancient Greek or a modern Greek scholar.

If the utterance of the Pythia was of a similar kind, one would expect that the ancient oracles would have contained a good deal to which no meaning could be attached, which simply came haphazard from the Pythia's subconsciousness or from some obscure region of discarnate mind beyond. I do not think that you find much of such an element in the oracles given in ancient authors as having been delivered in historical times. But it must be remembered that the oracles cited in the ancient books preserved to us are only a very few out of the great collections of oracles which we know to have been made and circulated from the fifth century onwards. Naturally the oracles cited are those to which the event seemed to have given a striking significance, and it might be unwise to judge of the character of oracles as a whole by the few so singled out. Possibly if we still had the entire collection made by Mnaseas, or any other writer, we should find much more of the haphazard irrational element.

There is one Delphic oracle, said to have been given on an historic occasion, which does seem to me to have something of this kind about it—the oracle given when the attack of the Gauls was impending in 279 B.C., *ἐμοὶ μελήσει καὶ λευκαῖς κόραις*: "I will take thought and the white girls". Of course, afterwards two explanations were given of the *λευκαὶ κόραι*. One was that the phrase referred to a snowstorm which occurred soon afterwards and made difficulties for the Gallic horde in its attack on Delphi; the other explanation, given by Diodorus, is that the "white girls" were Athena and Artemis, who had two ancient shrines in the precinct of Apollo's temple. But "white girls" is a very strange way of describing a snowstorm, and there seems no special reason why Athena and

Artemis should be described in that way. It looks as if one had here the real utterance of a Pythia without rational meaning. If the theory that she uttered broken phrases which were afterwards put into verse by the professional poets is the true one, it is easy to imagine her crying out in her trance "White girls", "White girls", and the poets putting the meaningless words, for better or worse, into an iambic line.

The view that the utterances of the Pythia were confused cries, and that these were put into metre by the *prophētai* as part of their regular business, is now common amongst scholars. But the evidence is decisively against it. The passage of Strabo which speaks of the professional poets at Delphi is, as we saw, far from clear, and is definitely incompatible with what we are told by Plutarch. There were certainly at Delphi people called *prophētai*; whether they were or were not included under the term *hiereis*, "priests", has been a matter of controversy. But neither Strabo nor Plutarch, as we have seen, when they refer to the theory of professional poets, gives any hint connecting these poets with the regular order of *prophētai*. And the fact that they do not surely disposes altogether of the theory that it was the business of the *prophētai* to put the oracles into verse. Had it been, Strabo and Plutarch would certainly in this connexion have brought them in. References to *prophētai* at other oracular shrines where they are distinguished from the "diviners" have been construed by modern scholars as proving that the "diviners" uttered only confused cries, and that these were regularly put into verse in cold blood by the *prophētai*. There is an inscription from the temple of Apollo Pythius at Argos published by Vollgraff (*B.C.H.* xxvii, 1903, p. 271). It records how two men called *promanties*, together with two other men called *prophētai*, have erected buildings and altars for this Argive shrine of Apollo. The *promanties*, Vollgraff says, are supposed (*sont censés*) to receive the oracular answer from the gods; the prophets formulate it and communicate it to the persons concerned (p. 274). But the inscription says not a word to show what the functions either of *promantie*

or of *prophētai* were. The other passage quoted by Vollgraff (Plato, *Timæus*, 72a) gives no support to the theory. Plato warns us against confounding "diviners (*manteis*)" people who utter dark sayings in a condition of trance, like madness, with *prophētai*, who make their pronouncements in their ordinary senses. But Plato's *prophētai* do not change the form of the inspired utterance. They submit it to critical examination and explain how people have to act in accordance with the meaning of the oracle. They are *kritai* or *hypokritai*, judges and interpreters, apparently identical with the *exēgētai* regularly kept for this purpose by Greek cities. Whether the *prophētai* at Delphi and Argos were *prophētai* in Plato's sense may be questioned; in any case, Plato cannot be cited to show that these *prophētai* put the oracles into verse.

Or again the same thing is stated by Perdrizet (*Cultes et Mythes du Pangée*, p. 38) in regard to an oracular shrine of Dionysus in Macedonia. His evidence for the statement comes only from Herodotus, who says, of a tribe called the Satrai, "These are the people who have an oracular shrine of Dionysus. This shrine is upon the highest of the mountains. The persons who act as *prophētai* at the temple of the Satrai belong to the Bessi; the oracles are given by a woman *promantis*, as at Delphi" (vii, 111). All we are told is that both a woman *promantis* and people called *prophētai* existed side by side at the Pangæan shrine, just as they did at Delphi, we are told nothing about the functions of the *prophētai*: there is no indication that it was their business to put into verse oracles delivered by the *promantis* in prose or in confused cries.

When we turn to the oracles of Apollo at Didyma, near Miletus, and at Claros, near Colophon, we find again that it is hard on our evidence to say whether inquirers did or did not see the medium when the oracles were uttered. As regards Didyma, there is an imaginative reconstruction by Haussoullier of what happened in the *Revue de Philologie*, vol. xliv, 1920, pp. 269 ff. It involves the possibility of a conversation taking place between the inquirer and the *prophētis* in the inner shrine. (The story of Aristodicus in Herodotus, i, 159.)

"From this story", Haussoullier comments, "one fact emerges: a voice coming from the *adyton* could be heard in the peristyle court".

And if we glance back at Delphi, we have stories there too which relate a dialogue between the Pythia and the inquirer: on the principle applied by Haussoullier to Didyma this would imply that at Delphi too the inquirer, even if he could not see into the *adyton*, could speak to the Pythia in the *adyton* and hear a voice in reply—whether really the voice of the Pythia or the voice of a priest simulating the Pythia may, of course, be questioned.

A story told by Herodotus about the shrine of Apollo in Boeotia seems to imply that there too the inquirer could hear the voice of the diviner—here a man *promantis*, not a woman—without the intermediation of priest or prophet. During the Persian occupation (480-79 B.C.) a Carian called Mys, in the service of Mardonius, comes to consult Apollo, accompanied by three Thebans who had been appointed by the Theban state to take down on a tablet the answer of the god. When the *promantis* spoke it was in a tongue strange to the Greeks, but Mys recognized it as his own language, Carian, snatched the tablet from the Thebans and himself wrote down what the god said. The priests, says Dr. Macan in his commentary, may well have made the *promantis* beforehand learn a few words of Carian, and it is not necessary to bring in the subliminal consciousness or any stuff of that kind. No, it is not necessary: the hypothesis of fraud is quite possible—or the whole story may be fabulous. But when we have in our own day a case of automatic writing, witnessed by the late Master of Balliol, A. L. Smith, in circumstances which ruled out the possibility of fraud, when the writer wrote intelligible statements in a whole number of languages of which she was completely ignorant, including Aramaic—quite good Aramaic, experts pronounced it—it would be unreasonable to suppose that such things can occur in the twentieth century A.D. and could not occur in the sixth century B.C., whatever the explanation of them may be.

With regard to the oracle at Claros we have a description by Tacitus in connexion with the visit of Germanicus in A.D. 18 (Annals ii, 54). Here, where the diviner was a man, it was to him that the title *prophētes* was attached; it did not here mean an interpreter of the oracles, but the medium who uttered them. Tacitus makes a point of the diviner at Claros being uneducated—the same point which Plutarch makes about the Pythia at Delphi—in order that his uttering oracles in verse may be clearly proved to be something supernatural—or at any rate abnormal. Charles Picard, however, who has written the big book on *Ephèse et Claros* (1922), questions whether it is true of the Clarian prophets that they were usually uneducated. Several of these prophets are found in inscriptions invested with the office of *prytanis* in the city of Colophon, and must therefore, Picard argues, have been persons of good education. Tacitus says that the diviner who went down into the cave himself uttered oracles in verse; this Picard does not believe. The inscriptions prove that attached to the temple at Claros was an official with the title *thespiōdos*. The *thespiōdos* appears as second in dignity to the priests, sometimes as even superior to the priest: it was specially from one Colophonian family of great prestige which claimed descent from ancient kings of Lydia that *thespiōdoi* seem to have been drawn. There can be no question that the *thespiōdos* was a person of great consideration. But when Picard asserts positively that the *thespiōdos* was a professional poet who put into verse the oracles delivered by the *prophētes* in prose, I do not see that he has any ground to go on. The only evidence he brings forward is a reference to Vollgraff and Perdrizet, who are supposed to have shown that at Argos and the Pangæan shrine oracles delivered in prose by the *promantis* were put into verse by *prophētai*. We have seen that the evidence in those cases gives us no information as to the functions of the *prophētai*. In itself it seems to me very improbable that the Clarian oracles were openly and confessedly, as this view supposes, versified by an official poet. It is, of course, quite conceivable—some people would say

quite certain—that the verses given forth to the public as the answers of Apollo were really composed by people attached to the shrine. But the public must have believed that they were uttered in a trance-condition by the *prophētes*. The wonder of *verses* produced *ex tempore* was the very thing which gave a supernatural character to oracles. To put oracles into verse by human calculation in cold blood would have seemed to inquirers quite pointless. If the oracles really were composed by a professional poet, they must have been palmed off upon the public by a pious fraud, and their real author kept very much in the dark, not given a conspicuous official position, like that of the *thespiōdos*. The passage in Tacitus seems to imply that the *prophētes* when he descended into the cave to go into the mantic trance was out of sight of the public. This is confirmed by Iamblichus, or whoever wrote the *De Mysteriis*. The sacred spring, he says, from which the prophet at Claros drinks is in an underground chamber (obviously the *cave* of Tacitus): when he has drunk of it, he utters oracles, being no longer visible to the inquirers present (οὐκέθ' ὁρώμενον τοῖς παροῦσι θεωροῖς, iii, 11). In such circumstances, it would be comparatively easy to fake oracles issued to the public. That they were sometimes, at any rate, faked seems proved by what the Cynic Oenomaus (second century A.D.) tells us of his own experience when he consulted the Clarian Apollo. He found that the oracle issued to him, a nonsensical one, though in correct hexameter metre, was (by some oversight of the priests) the very same oracle which had been issued to some one else a little time before (Eusebius, *Præp. Evang.* v. 22). But the fact that oracles were often faked would not prove that everything said and believed about the Clarian *prophētes* or the Delphian Pythia uttering Greek verses in a trance-condition was untrue. It is noteworthy that Professor Stütze, who has written the most thorough monograph known to me on Greek oracles, marshalling the evidence of ancient texts and modern archæological research, comes back to the old view that the hypothesis which fits the facts best is that of the agency of Satan.

EDWYN BEAVAN.

ART. 6.—DE PROFUNDIS

A Study of the Religious Situation in Russia.

ALMOST as much has been written about the Russian Revolution as about the Great War; it has been considered from every conceivable standpoint. To some it appears a senseless welter of blood and cruelty, while others consider it a magnificent ideal gone irremediably astray; others again hope that out of that fearful travail will come a new birth of freedom and prosperity. Time will give the answer to the riddle. To Catholics, however, the question presents another aspect of such import as to merit, one would think, greater attention than has yet been paid to it by the majority of our co-religionists. I mean the "anti-God campaign", as the Bolsheviks themselves have so cynically named it.

Do we realise the intensity of this atheistic propaganda?

The revolutionaries proclaimed from the first that their chief enemy was religion. "Religion is the opium of the people"; "Communism will dispel the religious fog"—these are mottoes frequently displayed on placards and banners during Soviet demonstrations, accompanied by blasphemies too odious to quote.

A favourite subject for caricature is the blighting shadow of the Crucifix, which is depicted as bringing ruin wherever it falls. There are many variations of this theme. Our Blessed Lord is represented as crushing the proletariat with His Cross, as leading the suffering multitude along a treacherous Via Dolorosa over the edge of a precipice whence they fall into the maw of the Capitalist.

In May, 1922, the National Russian Union in Paris, in their "Open letter to the Pope", described as follows the situation of the Russian Church at that time: "Twenty-eight Orthodox Bishops have been first tortured, then murdered; tens of thousands of clerics and monks have shared the same fate; the church's possessions are pillaged, numberless cathedrals and numberless sanctuaries are profaned; relics are scattered to the wind; monasteries are closed." Since then how many more such deeds of death and plunder have been

accomplished? The world will never know the whole appalling truth.

Besides these obvious tactics of their campaign, the Soviets combat God by the deliberate inculcation of wickedness. "*Who is scandalised, and I am not on fire?*" cried the Great Apostle. What lover of childhood's innocence will not feel his heart burn within him to hear that, as an eye-witness has described it, "the Soviet schools are schools of premeditated and organised debauchery". The first lessons taught to children under the Bolshevistic educational system are these: "There is no God, there is no soul, there is no moral law. You owe no respect or obedience to your parents". Then follow instructions, readings and even demonstrations so vicious and obscene that the purity of these tragic little pupils is for ever destroyed. More than five million destitute children lead a vagabond life in Russia, stealing their food, sleeping in any fortuitous shelter, often in ashpits and dustbins; a prey to disease, already adepts in every form of vice. These boys and girls are encouraged by the revolutionary authorities to entice others into their bands and drag them down to their own level.*

The youth of both sexes are grouped together in a kind of Soviet Cadet Corps, called *Komsomoltzi*—Young Communists. These are very active as government spies and are also deputed by the OGPU to desecrate churches and attack the priests.

Mr. Emil Ludvig, in a recent article in *The Nineteenth Century and After*, makes some astounding statements concerning the Revolution. It was, he declares, never ordained that the Russian churches should be closed, nor the priests expelled. "Their influence was not enough for it to be necessary to uproot them. Moreover, the social problems with which the Bolsheviks are above all concerned are too serious and too simple for

* See Chapters v. and vi. of *Moscou Sans Voiles*, (Editions Spes, Paris) by M. Joseph Douillet, Belgian Consul in Russia for 26 years, Member of the Nansen Russian Relief Mission, Delegate of the European Student Relief, etc. See also the article by Count Kokovtsoff in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for Dec. 15, 1928; *La Ruine Morale au Pays des Soviets; L'Enfer des Enfants*.

them to be burthened with religious problems." It would be interesting to know whether Mr. Ludwig, brilliant writer as he is, could maintain this thesis if confronted with the cloud of witness that exists to the contrary.

We know, of course, that before the recent cataclysms, religion, in parts at least of that vast land, had become tainted with superstition, and had deteriorated through the ignorance and apathy of some of its ministers. Nevertheless, the Russian, especially the Russian peasant, is, and will ever remain, essentially religious. Christian mysticism is too deeply rooted in his suffering heart to be ever eliminated. More than this, visitors to the Soviet countries testify that, by God's grace, the persecution itself has proved a two-edged weapon in the hands of the Bolsheviks: there is an extraordinary revival of faith and fervour among the people. Even professed atheists, persecutors once themselves, when fallen into disgrace with their party—for every revolution devours its own children—have been seen to pray in their prisons, and some, as they went to execution, openly crossed themselves and cried aloud: "Lord Jesus, receive my soul."

Ten years ago Lunatcharsky, the Communist Minister of Education, believed he had successfully laid the foundations of atheism in Moscow. He delivered a blasphemous harangue to a great gathering at Easter. Finally he exclaimed: "Is there anyone among you who can doubt my scientific demonstrations? There is no God, no soul, no religion! There only exists matter in continual flux. That is science."

At the far end of the hall an old Orthodox priest rose.

"I would like to speak."

The lecturer, regretting his imprudence, sought to turn him aside, but the old man resolutely climbed on to the platform, faced the crowd, and slowly and with deep gravity pronounced the traditional Easter greeting: "*Bratzi, Khristos voskresse!* Brethren, Christ is risen!"

The people leaped to their feet as one man, and with a great cry gave the response: "*Voistino, voskresse!* In very truth, He is arisen!"

Lunatcharsky and his colleagues had no choice, that day, but to eclipse themselves.

Monsignor Michel d'Herbigny, titular Bishop of Ilion (from whose book, *La Tyrannie Soviétique et le Malheur Russe*, the scene just related has been quoted) published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for July 15 last much interesting information concerning the state of religion in Russia. His view is diametrically opposed to that of Mr. Ludwig, and he adduces proofs which seem to us overwhelming. By virtue of his office—he is President of the Pontifical Commission for Russia, and of the Pontifical Institute for Oriental Studies—and of his residence in Rome, he is in touch with many hidden miseries of the Soviet countries; for it is well-known with what fatherly solicitude our present great Pope watches the suffering of the Russian churches.

Benedict XV and Pius XI had both given tangible proof of their sympathy with the victims of the Bolsheviks. Relief missions had been dispatched to the stricken areas, and at the time of the Rapallo Conference the Vatican had endeavoured to obtain liberty of conscience for those under Red rule. These interventions had been quietly received by the Soviet Government.

But when, in his letter of February 2, 1930, the Pope invited the whole Church to unite upon the feast of Saint Joseph in solemn prayer for the persecuted Russians, the reaction of the OGPU was tremendous.

One might have expected that militant atheists would merely have laughed at such a manifestation of "bourgeois credulity". If there is no God, why should they fear a purely spiritual weapon? In spite of their protestations of unbelief, however, it would seem that, after all, they went in awe of the supernatural. Did they dread lest their defences should crumble before the united prayer of the faithful, as did the walls of Jericho at the shout of the hosts of Joshua? Certainly the Bolsheviks showed themselves to be profoundly and strangely alarmed.

They immediately adopted defensive measures. They prohibited the publication in the U.S.S.R. of the text of the Pope's letter. They endeavoured to stir up public opinion in Russia against him by misrepresenting the crusade of prayer as an economic and even as a

military crusade. Innumerable caricatures of the Holy Father—some depicting him as sitting astride a huge cannon which he is in the act of blessing—were plastered over the buildings of Moscow, and were reproduced by the Communist Press in many other countries.

Five days before the date fixed by the Pope for universal prayer, Stalin deemed it wise to promulgate a decree mitigating the severity of the "anti-God campaign". "The Central Committee considers," so ran the edict, "that there have undeniably been some indefensible deviations in the struggle against religious prejudice." The Committee further enjoined that churches should not be closed, "unless a notable majority of peasants in each village should expressly demand it".

But this tardy clemency produced an effect quite opposite to that intended by Stalin. The people, justly attributing the slackening of the persecution to the Holy Father's intervention, were swept by a great wave of gratitude to the Vicar of Christ. Telegrams and letters of thanks began to reach the Vatican, smuggled out of Russia. Most of them were sent first to an address in Germany, with the request that they should be forwarded to Rome.

These messages, many of which are published in Monsignor d'Herbigny's article, are poignant beyond description. There is, in all of them, the reiterated appeal. "Save us! Save us!" The word "lost" continually recurs like a tolling bell, "We are lost, lost, lost!"

De Profundis clamavi ad te!

To His All-Holiness Pope Pius XI, so runs one of these touching documents. In the name of the women of Russia—wives, sisters and mothers—whose souls cherish the memory of God's Name, and have always hallowed It, I desire to express to your All-Holiness with the least possible delay, the joy and happiness that filled our hearts when we, sad and suffering women, suddenly heard the good news that you had called on the whole of mankind to pray for the Orthodox Christians, for their outraged faith. Holy Father, there are some thoughts so elevated, so deep that the human tongue cannot express them. Neither can I, who am so poor in words, express the enthusiasm and the

admiration of all the hearts that bless your holy name. And therefore, Holy Father, I venture, in spirit at least, to cast myself at your feet and bathe them with my tears. From the depths of my soul, of my Russian heart, in the name of us all, we thank you, we bless you, with one heart and one voice.

A Russian Woman.

Another letter, unique in its blend of gay courage and simple faith, from an Orthodox peasant woman, thus describes the interrogation to which she had just been subjected in her village :

"Why did you pray and burn candles before the image of Saint Nicholas on March 19 ?"

"Because after the Pope had ordered prayers on that day my pig was given back to me."

"Do you know who the Pope is ?"

"No, but he must be very strong, because you are all so angry with him and so much afraid of him."

"Afraid of him ? We are no more afraid of him than of your Christ, whose Vicar he says he is."

"Ah, if he is the Bishop-Vicar of Christ, then I understand why he is so strong and why you are so afraid !"

And I made the Sign of the Cross.

"Sonia, write to this Pope, the Bishop-Vicar of Christ," the letter continues, "and tell him how much I love and thank him, and that I say every day forty times *Kyrie Eleison* for him and that I add forty more for our devils, that they may be converted and may one day also pray to Christ, with the Pope and with us all."

Not from Orthodox Christians and Catholics only did such tributes come, but also from Mahommedans. The following telegram was dated May 6, 1930 :

We Moslems of**** venture to bring to the knowledge of Your Holiness, as the representative of Christianity, that our Tartar co-religionists of the Volga and the Crimea are as bitterly persecuted as are the Christians, by the Soviet authorities.

Thousands of our mosques are closed. Our priests are thrown into prison, deported and executed for their faith and their attachment to the religion of our fathers. In this the Bolsheviks make no distinction between Christians and Moslems. For the government of Moscow strives to destroy all religious sentiment

and fights against God. Since these persecutions threaten faith itself, and the high moral system based on faith, we like to believe that your Holiness will also raise your mighty voice to arouse public opinion and the conscience of believing Christians all over the world in defence of the Islamic religion.

In his letter of February 2, the Pope had forestalled this moving request, since by his desire the Catholics were to pray, not only for the Christians but also "for those other victims who are faithful to God's worship".

Perhaps the most interesting portion of Monsignor d'Herbigny's information is that which treats of the manner in which the notoriously false communiqués denying the existence of persecutions in Russia were extorted from the Metropolitan Serge, and from other ministers of religion. These declarations were published in the Soviet Press and blazoned in all the newspapers of the world. In order to carry greater conviction, the Metropolitan Serge was forced by the OGPU to hand the signed communiqué personally to twelve foreign press correspondents, who were convened to the Primate's house through their embassies by the Russian Commission for Foreign Affairs.

The Italian correspondent of *La Stampa* described, in the issue of February 20, the old man's embarrassment and melancholy as in complete silence he presented each journalist with a copy of the signed declaration in Russian.

At the end of the distribution he said: "You have asked me certain questions concerning the relations between the Soviet Government and the Orthodox Church. You have my written answers. Good-bye."

The Italian correspondent detained him.

"May I not speak to you? We were told you would answer our questions verbally."

"It is useless. I am deaf, and I have no time to answer you now. To-morrow, perhaps—if you present your questions in writing."

"But why all this formality?"

"Because I cannot commit myself personally. I must prepare my answers in agreement with the Holy Synod,"

The journalist was about to insist still further, but a man in attendance upon the Metropolitan angrily interrupted the conversation, and referred the inquirer to the declarations already given to the Soviet press.

A curious fact, testifying to the living faith of Russia, is that the Metropolitan Serge and his synod were severely blamed by the people for having thus given way to Bolshevik pressure. On one occasion Serge was not only cursed for his weakness but actually struck by members of his own congregation. Two bishops who endeavoured publicly to justify the action of the synod were reduced to silence.

Fifteen rabbis of Minsk had been cast into prison; they were then, with the usual Communist inconsistency, ordered to sign a declaration that no persecution existed. They all refused at first, but later one of them, who desired a passport to go abroad, signed the paper and persuaded a few of the others to do likewise. As a reward he was set free. The Soviet press has published some similar declarations purporting to have been subscribed by Catholic priests. One of these priests was able to get a postcard sent to Rome, in which he made it known that he had refused to sign a document forwarded to him by the OGPU; detaching his signature from his written refusal the Bolsheviks published it beneath the printed text of the declaration which he had rejected.

One who did indeed consent to sign the lying communiqué, sent the following revelations to the Vatican.

7/20 February, 1930.

In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Universal mourning weighs upon Russia. The Lord has sent great trials to his faithful children. Pillage, destruction and murder defile our Fatherland and redden it with blood. The country groans with a loud groaning. In the villages our Masters burn, slaughter, steal and destroy all that the labour of centuries had created for the well-being of our hard-working peasants. The cattle are driven off, the poorest families are robbed of what remained to them. Without even a crust of bread they are cast out, not only from their own houses, but from their villages, and even from their very districts, and dispersed in every direction,

Many, distracted by these fearful happenings, commit suicide. Religion herself is stained with blood; innumerable churches have been closed and are transformed into places of blasphemy, as in the case of the Monastery of the Passion, which is converted into a museum of atheism. Many churches are destroyed, as it were swept off the face of the earth by the hand of Anti-Christ—such as the chapel of Our Lady of Iberia, and numberless others. Monastic buildings of priceless artistic value, such as the Simonov Monastery, have been blown up with dynamite. Those who endeavour to oppose such profanations are subjected to what is called “purification”; they are refused bread and are driven out into the streets. Our leaders try, as they openly avow, to blacken in the minds of the people everything connected with the Church, her ceremonies and her professions of faith. The adoption of the week of five days was inspired by irreligion; with the object of abolishing Saturday and Sunday. Liberty of conscience is non-existent. There is an unabashed demand for the interdiction of ecclesiastical preaching. The education of the children is not only atheistical; it is anti-religious. Lunatcharsky was dismissed from his post of Commissary of Public Education because he was considered too lenient. . . . Priests are pitilessly murdered, or literally flung out of the windows into the street, as happened in the district of Kaschir. In the district of Dronnitsky, near Moscow, a priest was found hanged after his house had been sacked. Another was thrown, head foremost, into a well. Near Moscow, the *Komsomoltzi*, when they closed the church, seized the old priest, cut off his beard, and dragged him away by the hair; the next day he was found dead. At Kraskov, near Moscow, priests and deacons were arrested during divine service. In the government of Smolensk the church was invaded during divine service by men singing blasphemous songs to the accompaniment of an accordion. It is impossible to recount the misfortunes which are crushing the Russian Church; they are innumerable. . . . The interview with the Metropolitan Serge was signed by him, partly because of violent pressure by the OGPU, partly in order to save the lives of a multitude of prisoners. “We are in the jaws of the lion,” he said. I write this letter because my conscience urges me to tell the truth, but I know what awaits me. Perhaps under the menace of a revolver, I may be forced to repudiate these words; or perhaps false declarations may be attributed to me. We are in the jaws of the lion, and we can say nothing, under pain of death; not only pain of death for ourselves but for all ministers of religion, and in general for everyone who remains faithful to the Church. Help us!

Letters received by German refugees at the camp of Hammerstein tell the same piteous tale.

Lost! Lost! Lost is our Russia! O God, why dost Thou permit so many horrors? Why these triumphs of injustice? Nearly everybody has given up hope. One after the other, we are cast out into the street without a morsel of bread, without a blanket to cover us. Almost all those who had the right to vote have lost it. You know the distress we were in three months ago; that was nothing compared to the present. Those who, last autumn, had no idea of emigrating are now haunted by this one thought: if we could but get beyond the frontier, were it only one yard! Everyone—Armenians, Russians, Kirghiz, Jews, Tartars, all desire to emigrate. There is not three per cent. of the population who is not longing to go. The police arrive unexpectedly: they find folk in bed or at dinner. "Out with you!" Not a moment's delay. Hardly anyone has been able to sow the fields. Let me sum it up in one word: the devil is raging with his whole strength.

From another district comes this appeal:

Knock at every door. Will human hearts not melt and come to our aid? If this state of things continues another month, another six weeks, we are lost. Men are in despair. Help! Help! The police make inventories of everything belonging to each family, down to the last handkerchief. Save us! Save us!

Sometimes a certain grim humour pierces through the tragedy.

If anyone had foretold three months ago what has come to pass, we should have thought it madness. The terror in Moscow was nothing in comparison. You won't be an atheist? Very well, then you cease to be an elector. Rich or poor, you become *kulak*. Here, on the roadside, is a woman in childbirth; farther on, a mother tramps with six little children. Not a penny, no bread, no clothes. If any but a Communist mouth contains gold-filled teeth, they are drawn. Blood flows, and the operator is no dentist, but some little herdsman with a pair of pincers. If God does not shorten this time we are lost. At Simferopol, X and Y have been tortured. Their fingers are completely crushed.

Yet another letter runs as follows:

Here is a woman driven out of her home with only two small loaves in her possession. She was at dinner; they would not let her finish. The robbers seated themselves at her table, drinking the soup she had prepared, while one of their number dragged her into the road. She has no money nor clothes, and everyone has strict orders not to take in any refugees.

Letters from Orthodox Christians reveal that some parents have taken the dreadful decision to seek death with all their children, rather than risk their falling not only into the direst misery, but also into irreligion and vice. Here is one example out of many.

The widowed mother of four children, having received notice of "expulsion for religious fanaticism" found herself condemned to wander homeless in the snow, deprived of every resource. She lit all her remaining candles before her Orthodox *ikons*, then she sat down to a last meal with her children. "Eat well, my little ones," said she, "I have made good soup." When, two hours later, the police sought admittance they had to break down the door. Around the deal table they beheld the woman and the four children, motionless, as if fallen asleep over their plates. In order to save them from a worse fate, that tragic mother had poisoned them.

One last extract from this woeful sheaf of letters must find its place here, because it reveals in its simple sanctity the heights to which the believing Russian can rise.

This letter is from a Catholic working woman, who had been condemned in April, 1924, to five years' hard labour for the "crime" of having given food to Monsignor Cieplack, a Catholic bishop under sentence of death. When her term expired, she was exiled to Siberia instead of being liberated. Worn out by illness and completely destitute, she was set down by her gaolers in a desolate country spot, miles away from the nearest station, and seventeen hours journey by rail from the nearest town. She writes:

I thank God for all He has sent me. May His holy will be done in everything. If He should send me still greater suffering, I am ready. If He in His great mercy will but preserve me in His love it is enough for me. I have a great and constant longing

to see my dear family ; I should like so much to be with you all, but since God wills that I should wander in exile in a strange land, be it done to me as it was done to the Holy Family, for They also went into exile. What is harder than anything is to be deprived of church and sacraments. I have found work which enables me to live. I can even manage, by economising on my food, to buy some medicine for the sick poor, and I visit them and encourage them as best I can. Some good people also give me a little bread and flour which I can distribute to those who are the most destitute. I am not to be pitied.

"Upon the Russian people," declared Benedict XV, in a phrase of unforgettable majesty, "is set the shining seal of Christ." Fructified by the blood of martyrs, upheld by the fortitude of her confessors, can we doubt but that this great country will once more become what her own children have styled her from time immemorial : Holy Russia. Perhaps the hour is not so far distant as we think.

"Never has the crucifix shone with such power as to-day in this suffering land," writes Monsieur Joseph Douillet in *Moscou sans Voiles*, "The red star, satanic emblem of evil, is declining. The white star of the Mag is shining already on the horizon, and the time is approaching when, from end to end of that unhappy country, will resound the admirable hymn of peace : *Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax. . .*"

MARIE-LOUISE DE MEEÛS.

ART. 7.—QUARLES—AND THE EMBLEM HABIT

*Seeke new expressions, doe the Circle square
And thrust into strait corners of poor wit
Thee who art cornerlesse and infinite.*

—DONNE.

I

QUARLES is an interesting, rather than a sublime writer : and at first sight he is a moral, rather than a mystic thinker. Belonging both in generation and geniture to the school of "theological wit", he is as individual and apparently as enduring a poet as any of the group. To-day he is by no means the best known ; in his own day he was more popular, more generally diffused even than Herbert. While Herbert was kindling in the minds of poets and platonists, Quarles' Emblems were enjoying a robust gregarious life, "a wonderful veneration among the vulgar", as Philips, Milton's nephew, called it.

Quarles was a massive and also a voluminous writer ; but his prose works do not merely bulk. The Enchiridion is a good example of prose at once solid and aphoristic. It is plain from the form of expression alone that the author has a full mind.

It is the Emblems, of course, that have chiefly lived, and in such lines as this there is certainly some vital quality that is peculiarly and distinctively Quarles :

Wry mouth'd disdain, and woman hunting lust
And try fac'd fraud, and beetle-brow'd distrust,
Soul boiling rage, and trouble-state sedition,
And giddy doubt and goggled-eyed suspicion.

Or :

The world's a labyrinth whose anfractuious ways
Are all composed of rubs and crook'd meanders.

He uses good words : and he uses them naturally and soundly. The flow of unexpected and rather odd thoughts and expressions from Quarles' pen seems convincingly ready and unforced. It is a true and interesting gift for the use of language, that has helped to keep Quarles active in the most unexpected times and places, as when Elizabeth Barret remarks that Quarles' Emblems were her "childhood's pet book".

This has been the breath of life in the Emblems far more than the usually commended "quaint musicality" of such a refrain as "Sweet Phosphor bring the day"—a graceful touch that is not particularly characteristic of the Emblems as a whole.

However, this is scarcely sufficient to account for the immense vulgar popularity of Quarles' Emblems in his own day. Nor does it explain how this curious book, so specialized in form, came to be written at a moment when it appeared with such intuitive accuracy to the mind of the nation at large.

Here are two questions that are bound to occur to the modern "time-minded" reader: the first, a question of like-to-like, must be answered by reference to the second, a question of connascence. Into the second it is the purpose of this essay to inquire.

It is plain that Quarles' Emblems hits off in popular terms some fundamental habit of thought of this interesting age. What is that habit of thought?

II

In the first place the title "Emblems" and the form of pictures with pertinent verses was by no means Quarles' invention. He simply wrote the best emblem book, the only one of many produced during those fifty or sixty years that has attained lasting life. Most of the others have scarcely been heard of since.

The popularisation of emblem-books has partly a purely mechanical origin in the first practice of printing illustrations from engravings and woodcuts. Apart from this, however, making emblems appears to have been something of an after-dinner occupation for cultured people—an alternative to handing round a four-part song or a set of viols. When one author of an emblem-book remarks that not one in a hundred could produce a really good emblem, he certainly suggests that the other ninety-nine were doing their best. Geoffrey Whitney, one of the most famous English emblem authors, was a lawyer, and commends his book to the public as the product of a professional man's leisure hours.

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There is far more than a suggestion, too, that emblems were a widespread habit among other famous authors besides Quarles. Samuel Daniel writes at length about emblems, while Wither, Bunyan and Crashaw produced veritable emblem books in the true sense of the word. By the second or third decade of the seventeenth century there were some dozen well-known English emblem books in existence. Green, a Victorian authority, says that he has either actually seen or read accounts of over two hundred emblem-books in various languages. That knowledge of their contents was almost ingrain is evident when Farnaby tells us they were much used in schools.

Emblem-books such as Whitney's *Choice* (1586) or Peacham's *Minerva Britannia* (1604) in spite of laudatory verses by Heywood, from a serious literary standpoint are not much more than journey work. After Quarles, these two are among the best. Whitney's *Choice* gains interest as being one of the few English examples of the famous Plantin Typography. Those who admire Wither for his frolic vein can hardly be recommended to try his emblems.

The emblem is not merely an illustrated poem. It takes the form of a picture, which may be in itself simple or involved: into this picture the words read a meaning sometimes more, sometimes less, apt, and generally quite arbitrary. Sometimes they are laboured and stupid, sometimes fresh and really neat. Usually, but not always, they are directed to moral ends. Mythical characters and animals (treated rather in the bestiary manner) are among the most frequent subjects, but these have a range that is not truly classifiable. Here is a fair example of a page from an emblem-book—number twenty-one of Whitney's *Choice*.

The picture is a formalised rose, on which an insect crawls. The verses are as follows:

The scarabee cannot endure the sente
Of fragrant rose most beautiful to see,
But filthie smells he always doth frequent,
And roses sweete doe make him pine and die.
His house is donge: and wormes his neighbours are,
And for his meate his mansion is his fare.

With these he lives, and doth rejoice for aie,
And buzzeth fresh when night doth take her place.
From these he dies and languisheth awaie.
So whose delites are filthy vile and base

Is sicke to heave when counsailes sweet we give,
And rather likes with reprobates to live.

Judged as literature this is plainly not of great moment. That there are two hundred and fifty such emblems in Whitney's book alone is more significant: so is the almost unbelievable praise that the book won. Even more important is the obvious relation between such emblem verses as "The Scarabee" and some of the most familiar aspects of metaphysical poetry. We seem to have here the raw materials of a conceit. This emblem is just such a pictorial simile as Donne would have chosen, working it out with far more subtlety and depth, yet holding the picture with the same rigid effect before the reader's mind.

The emblem authors were after their degree doing something that appealed also to more subtle minds.

Emblem making was plainly in the Jacobean blood, from the King downwards. James himself was much interested. The emblems of the Dutchman Alciatus, the most famous of all emblem writers, were specially bound for him when he ascended the English throne. He was reading Beza, another emblem writer, in his teens. Drummond writes to Ben Jonson on July 1st, 1619, describing at great length hangings designed for James by Mary Queen of Scots, embodying the devices of twenty-nine well-known emblems.

Poems which need only the picture to make them acknowledged emblems are frequent, and among the most characteristic of the age. It was surely under the direct influence of the emblem-books that Orlando Gibbons wrote the words of this delightfully neat and truly-formed emblem:

The Silver Swan who living had no note
When death approached unlocked her silver throat
Leaning her breast against the reedy shore
She sang her first and last and sang no more.
Farewell all joys—oh, death come close my eyes.
More geese than swans now live, more fools than wise.

However, in explaining Quarles' popularity by saying that he came, so to speak, at the crest of a wave of emblem writing is merely referring the question back one stage further. The problem, then, becomes, what does this wave portend? What underlying currents and cross-currents resulted in so specialized a sort of breaker with Quarles Orion-like upon its crest?

It has already been remarked that the emblem and the conceit have a family likeness. Perhaps by unperplexing the emblem thread from the general warp and woof of the poetry of the time it will be possible to throw some light on the more important and serious phenomenon, "metaphysical wit" in general.

To this end we must inquire more closely into the nature of the emblem. Is it possible to define an emblem? Whence does the habit of seeing, writing, and thinking in emblems arise? Obviously it can be traced back almost indefinitely; the object or picture with an esoteric meaning suggest at once Æneas' shield, the flower language of Persian girls, the tomahawk newspapers of American Indians, the first picture writings of early civilization. These are all fair examples of emblems.

It will be seen that the emblem habit in its origin is so deeply rooted as to be almost as much a mode of thought as a means of expression. It will therefore not be always possible exactly to distinguish those habits of poetic visualization that resulted at a certain time and place in "*the emblem*" from other species of poetic imagery arising from the same philological needs. The emblem then, defined broadly for the moment and from the standpoint of *literature*, is a species in the vast genus of poetic imagery.

For our present purpose the emblem-book, consisting of its picture and message, need not be derived further afield than from the allegorical habits so deeply rooted in mediaeval writing, so strong in Quarles himself by conscious and deliberate imitation.

The long-winded allegorical organisms of mediaeval

poets, the bestiary habit of explaining natural history in moral terms, as Richard Rolle enlarges on the Bee—all these lie somewhere near the roots of the Renaissance kind of emblems. The very fountain-head is Dante.

Quarles tells us that an "emblem is but a silent parable". That, however, is not enough. Nor does it take us much further to say that "an emblem deduceth conceptions intellectual to images sensible", though the "conception intellectual" gives the emblem a much wider scope in poetry than its primary appearance of a conception moral.

But the emblem is not simply a poetic image. It is a special kind of poetic image manifesting itself particularly at a given time. Though they slide into each other, a true emblem can and, the old authorities say, ought, to be distinguished from a symbol. Mignault, a commentator on Alciatus, writes quite heatedly that "people who have any judgment know of a certain that symbols are taken more generally, emblems more specifically". The symbol is rather an image the meaning of which is obvious: it is a kind of organic outward sign almost inherent in the nature of the idea that it represents. But with emblems, the connection between the image and its meaning is recondite, esoteric, and often arbitrary. Thus a white rose is a symbol of purity, it is an emblem of the House of York.

Seventeenth century writers go at some length into this difference, and Henry Estienne, author of a French work on the subject, distinguishes at length not only between emblems and symbols, but also between hieroglyphics, devices, ænigmas, parables, sentences, reverses, blazons, cemiens, cyphres and rebus—all of which is something of a hint in explaining the cabalistic tendencies of serious-minded platonists like More.

The word "emblem" has now, of course, a general meaning not always distinguishable from "symbol", but in a time when everyone knew the emblem-books, writers tend to use the word, quite naturally, only in the sense required by Estienne and Mignault.

Thus Shakespeare's lines in Henry VIII,

. . . all the makings of a queen
 As holy oil Edward Confessor's gown
 The rod and bird of peace and all such emblems,

give emblem its more exact meaning.

But Shenstone, writing when emblem-books were forgotten,

Her cap far whiter than the driven snow
 Emblem right meet of decency doth yield,

certainly suggests that he thought an emblem and a symbol were the same.

Scott with his antiquarian knowledge uses it very precisely in these lines:

Foxglove and nightshade side by side
 Emblems of punishment and pride.

Foxglove and nightshade are not symbols of punishment and pride; the connection is quite esoteric.

The Victorian poet, however, who wrote,

Rose of the desert thou art to me
 An emblem of stainless purity.

has completely lost all meaning of emblem save that also conveyed by symbol.

It is not my purpose to labour this difference of meaning in the sense that the two words ought to be so connoted: but rather for their terminological value in distinguishing an important difference in species of poetic imagery. Though an emblem is not a very weighty thing in itself—the “emblem” rather than the “symbol” habit of expression gives rise to interesting differences in kinds of poetry—especially when the ideas to be conveyed are serious philosophical, religious, or in any way difficult. One thinks, of course, of Coleridge's *locus classicus*—Fancy and Imagination.

It is not suggested that the emblem and the seventeenth century metaphysical manner are the same. This would be pressing the influence of the strain of emblem thought beyond its limits. The emblem way

of writing was only one weapon in the metaphysical armoury. Where that armoury goes beyond the emblem will presently appear, in discovering just how the emblem happened to suit the metaphysical poets in putting their thoughts on paper.

With the meaning of the emblem more closely examined, it is possible to show to more purpose why Dante was suggested as the fountain-head of the actual emblem, and of more general forms of seventeenth century emblem writing.

The *Divina Commedia* is emblematic in that it has an arbitrary interpretation, and was written to convey in the terms of the creative artist a preconceived intellectual system. Dante creates a theophanic world to the preconceived abstract reality of the Summa.

A given emblem such as the Scarabee is a minute and disintegrate organism built up on the same principle as the apotheosis of scholastic allegory. The emblem is at once the popularization and the vanishing point of a poetic form arising from an attitude towards the poetic task—a form that found its zenith in Dante and its nadir in Donne—who turns the form upon its own heredity.

But while this attitude of mind found a direct expression in the emblem-books, the same emblem current is constantly at work in poets who were not professedly emblem writers. Some of their characteristics can be derived, and some of their most marked peculiarities accounted for, by reference to this very cause.

IV

In Elizabethan days the habit of making emblems was by no means matured. The upward curve of Elizabethan power in expression from the early Marlowe to the mature Shakespeare is on the whole far too forceful, too creative, too restless, to produce the essentially meditative and stationary concepts of the emblem poet. The beginning of the age is far nearer the Italian culture and to emblem writing than its apogee; and the end of the age, when the ferment of questions had begun,

took up again the emblem strain in a far more subtle and sophisticated way.

In early Elizabethan drama, as in euphuism and in Spenser, the old allegorical habits are strong. Kidd is full of them.

Downe by the dale that flowers with purple gore
Standeth a fiery tower : there sits a judge
Upon a seat of steele and molten brasse
And twixt his teeth he holds a firebrand.

This is an actual emblem picture in words—a form of writing that falls very much into the background in Shakespeare, to be taken up in a far deeper and more developed form in Chapman. Chapman, who shows signs of being, of all Elizabethan dramatists, by far the deepest explorer in metaphysics in the full sense, is also among the very first of the “metaphysical” poets in the more particular sense. He is one of the first to find difficulty in dealing with himself anthropologically. Though he does not write the completely formed dialectic poem isolating one idea or difficulty at a time, he certainly forms images in the “metaphysic” vein. He constantly uses the emblem method, as in this passage :

Make Death an angel scaling of a heaven,
And crown him with the asterism of seven :
To show he is the death of deadly sins :
A rich spring make his robe, since he begins
Our endless summer : let his shoulders spring
Both the sweet Cupids for his either wing,
Since love and joy in death to heaven us bring.
Hang on the ivory brawn of his right arm
A bunch of golden keys ; his left a swarm
Of thrifty bees, in token we have done
The year, our life's toil, and our fruits have shone
In honey of our good works laboured here :
Before his flaming bosom let him wear
A shining crystal ; since through him we see
The lovely forms of our felicity.
His thighs make both the heaven-supporting poles,
Since he sustains heaven, storing it with souls.
His left hand let a plenty's horn extend ;
His right a book to contemplate our end.

Miss E. Holmes, in an informative monograph dealing with "Elizabethan Imagery" writes of this very passage that the "figure is laboured as thoughtfully as the 'emblem' might be on the title-page of some titanic volume of meditations". This apposite remark touches the very essence of the emblematic image. It is *laboured thoughtfully*, because the carefully described details of the picture are there less for their own sake than for the sake of their meaning. As a result, the image in words is worked out as closely as if the author had the actual emblem drawn before him. The true emblematic image stands motionless. The true Shakespearian image moves.

Shakespeare in his maturity would never have written like this; as soon as he suggests one image another occurs to him. His metaphors shift so quickly that they are changed even in a single line; as

To take arms against a sea of trouble
And, by opposing, end them.

Similarly how many static emblem images are suggested in this other famous passage, and immediately passed over for another idea. In bodying forth the abstract Shakespeare's tendency is to suggest rather than to limn in his images.

And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or Heaven's cherubim, hors'd
Upon the sightless careers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye
That tears shall drown the wind.

The emblem is the outcome of notions more deliberate and reflective.

Chapman, by contrast, in his most animated similes tends to make the image motionless. How curiously photographic is his famous ship passage, as if it was released for eternal existence at a given moment, and graven on a plate.

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Give me a spirit that on life's rough sea
Loves to have his sails filled with a lusty wind
Even till his sail yards tremble, his masts crack
And his rapt ship runs on her side so low
That she drinks water and her keel ploughs air.

If ever there was a good emblem, that is it.

v

Chapman, of course, belongs in most ways to post-Shakespearian poetry. Part of his work was done after some of Donne's most characteristic poems had been written. Once we are well into the seventeenth century, emblems, and behind them, emblem habits of writing and thinking are coming more and more to the surface.

The emblem in poetry belongs in part, and by nature, to this period covering the final disintegration of pre-Renaissance philosophy: a time when authorities who had ruled unquestioned for years were now being laughed out of court—the chivalresque authorities of the love courts together with the theological authorities of supreme power.

In emblems one can see the breaking down of gigantic metaphysical allegories into isolated thoughts—crystals, as it were, given off by the action of the new on the old. In the emblem-books it is the crystals that are the end in view: in the more intellectual minds the crystals are only by-products, and it is the chemical experiment itself that is the end in view. The emblem-books tend to be the crude, naïf, untrained form, of which Donne and others are the instructed form.

The emblem habit from its most simple to its super-subtle is partly a stronghold for the old learning, partly a channel for the new. It reads new meanings into old figures. It preserves old forms only to shed a new light on them. It is a pouring of raw wine into old bottles, some poets having more, some poets less, realization of the probable result.

Thus Henry Estienne in his definition of the emblem art tells us that "the emblem must discover something

subtle and significative: so that if the pictures be too common they ought to have a *mystical* sense: if they be obscure they must clearly inform us by the words”.

In correspondence with this, the pictures in emblem fall into two classes. One kind is to the outward eye simple: it may be a dog, a negro, an outstretched hand. The other kind looks cabalistic. The first of Whitney's emblems, for instance, is an obelisk round which ivy is growing in spirals till both are lost in the clouds. It is plain that an elaborate emblem picture like this must have been held very exactly in the mind's eye, or in actual graven form, while the interpretation of its several parts was being written.

Here, then, is a kind of set process for working out an abstract idea with a concrete simile.

It is an informative comment on the genesis of such a curious and difficult poem as Donne's "Primrose", in which various values in love are expounded in terms of the four-, five-, or six-petalled corolla. The long descriptive title of this poem almost suggests that the need for a drawn emblem was being met: "Upon the Primrose, being at Montgomery Castle, upon the hill, on which it is situate."

This poem is really a complete emblem in form. It is a double amulet of which the pictured part is missing, but missing only in physical fact. Its physical absence makes the poem harder to understand, because Donne writes exactly as if the engraving were before his eyes: undoubtedly it was graven on his mind. The image has the characteristic emblem immobility, so that the details could be closely examined as their import was revealed. Those who, after unravelling the "Primrose", have wondered how it was that such a poem as this ever came to be written, will find food for thought in the pages of an emblem-book. After an hour or two with these, the "Primrose" seems a familiar, not an extraordinary, form. Compare this flower poem of Donne's with Wordsworth's flower poems: nothing could contrast better the operation of the emblem and the symbol habit of mind.

T. S. Eliot is a poet who also makes use of emblems

by reference. His lines abound in the image with the esoteric meaning—the daffodil bulbs instead of eyes, the deserted chapel, the castrated king, the Tarot card: all these emblems tend to give his use of words in poetry an algebraic rather than a direct value. One has to remember the emblems and their meanings. I think it may also be fairly said that he has produced one characteristic example of the more subtle type of complete emblem poem—that is Part IV of “The Waste Land—Death by Water”. Here is the motionless pictured image, set in the mind’s eye at the head of the page, suggested in the title, described in static detail for the sake less of the image itself than of the added meaning in each detail.

To return to Donne, however, another typical emblem poem of the original mould is “The Flea”. Once again the emblem-books go a long way towards accounting for this remarkable phenomenon. It is significant also that the Dutch, who particularly professed emblem writing and produced the most famous emblem author, Alciatus, found in “The Flea” a feat of wit of almost super-human dimensions.

But Donne is constantly doing with all his better gifts what he does here by rule of thumb and as a *tour de force*. Donne’s poems abound in good emblem thoughts, forming sometimes complete poems, sometimes less complete emblem passages in longer poems. “The Primrose” and “The Flea” have been already mentioned. There spring at once to mind “the stiff twin compasses”, a “bracelet of bright hair about the bone”, “Here take my picture”, “Saint Lucie’s day” or,

In what torne ship soever I embark
That ship shall be my emblem of Thy ark.
What sea soever swallow me that flood
Shall be to me an emblem of Thy blood.

This is the true emblem vein. So are Sir Thomas Browne’s animadversions on skulls, and the whole habit of curious titles—“The Dampe”, “The Relique”, “The Collar”, “The Pulley”—so much used by the metaphysical poets.

It is Donne, however, with his early training in the habits of Catholic thought, who makes most striking use of the emblem habit among the metaphysical poets in general.

With the exception of the religious group, to whom emblem writing has a special relation, metaphysical expression tended to develop away from the emblem. There is a highly important aspect, probably the best aspect, of metaphysical poetry in which the emblem plays no part. The emblem is but one thread among many. In Cowley, for instance, the natural vein, which appealed to Cowper, is generally agreed to be Cowley's true and best habit.

It was Coleridge who observed that while the metaphysical poets were sometimes expressing ordinary thoughts in fantastic words, they were as often expressing fantastic thoughts in the most simple and direct terms in the language. Their play is as much with thoughts as words. It is not always appreciated by those who connect metaphysical "wit" with a highly sophisticated and so-called decadent age that the metaphysical poets are among the English masters of simple and unadorned expression. They were, in fact, too natural even for Dr. Johnson, who takes Herbert to task for the use of "mean images". Such lines as those of Donne that precede the compass image cannot be taxed with any complexity of simile.

But we by love so much refined
That ourselves know not what it is
Enter assured of the mind
Careless eyes, hands and lips to miss,

This is a sort of poetry that seems to reflect that constant hankering of seventeenth century minds after disembodiment. The words are but the flesh to the thought, and the aim seems to be not to enmesh thought in words, but to transcend words. The effort of the poet is less to find "lovely phrases" than phrases that will not obtrude themselves—phrases that are so exact, so inevitable that they are scarcely noticed as words. As

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even Johnson rather grudgingly admits, to write this sort of poetry it was at least (why "at least"?) necessary to think.

The simple metaphysical vein reached its climax perhaps in Herbert of Cherbury's ode "Should Love Continue?" This seems to be an attempt to give a more complete expression to the whole crux of metaphysical love poetry than is found in any other single poem of the century. Yet it is written practically without emblems or images of any kind.

VI

To return to Quarles after something of an exploration. It is plain that Quarles was doing in the market-place what other metaphysicals were doing for a more exacting audience. The wide appeal of the emblems is simply that of the lowest common denominator, compatible with literary endurance, for the emblem method of expressing some inalienable thoughts of the time.

The shop people who read Quarles may not have known that they were witnessing the death-rattles of Thomism. That their anthropological situation was an unhappy compromise, that the spiritual housebreakers were in and the spiritual furniture not yet out. But they knew at least that there had been a reformation: that there was a civil war, and the horror of domestic bloodshed arose from dissatisfactions in the very basis of human existence—religion.

Religious difficulties were not confined to those who wrote. While the populace may not have understood the connection between Donne's passionate paradoxes and their own misgivings, they could at least understand what Quarles was talking about, and to a less degree Herbert. I have, further, Courthope's authority for adding that Quarles was perhaps the first writer of the Theological school to introduce those multiplied images in illustration of a single thought that are so freely used in Crashaw, Herbert, and Donne.

When, however, we compare the blunt way in which Quarles uses the emblem method with the work in the

same vein of those other poets, it is not hard to understand the intellectual distaste for his popularity. Quarles was no imitator of Donne. His emblems and his whole mind are far nearer to the medieval allegorical models from which the emblem habit as a whole derives. Quarles indeed, professes his allegiance and debt to Phineas Fletcher, author of that elaborate and old-fashioned allegory, "The Purple Island".

The intimacy between the scriptural emblem produced by the mind of Quarles and its mediaeval prototype may be seen in Quarles' own phrase "theology and her hand-maiden philosophy": this veritable strain of scholasticism makes every emblem a minute organism built up on the principle of *universalia ante rem*—that is, the idea before the emblem, not a seeing of the idea through the symbol. This surviving strain of medieval religion in the seventeenth century is accurately phrased in Henry More's words, "That the primordials . . . are not mechanical but spermatical". If the reader feels this is pressing the intention of the emblem too far, it is not beyond More's caballism nor beyond Quarles' own intention in these words, "What are the heavens, the earth, nay, every creature, but Hieroglyphics and Emblems of His glory?"

It appears from this that the poetic emblem is to be regarded not as a literary style, having an existence of its own like the sonnet, but rather in a modal, almost a morphological, relation to certain phases of mystical thought. In the same sense, an allegory is rather a mode of thought than a means of expression, as More has pointed out.

Therefore the emblem has a special relation to the religious poets, apart from its superficial convenience in pointing a moral. Herbert uses emblems as well and as frequently as Donne. His curious titles, such as "The Clapsed Hands" or "The Pulley" have already been noticed: his basing of a whole poem on the chequered floor of his church is as perfect a bodying forth of the emblem habit as could be found, while only the presence of emblems in an acute form could account for the attack of typographical topiary fever seen in such a poem

of Herbert's as "Easter Wings", where each slim zoned stanza is laid out to represent wings in print.

Crashaw also has many emblem thoughts in his pages : more than that, he produced veritable emblems in the technical sense of the word, and the "Carmen Deo Nostro" in the first edition actually carried pictorial emblems drawn by Crashaw himself. The book is prefaced by Thomas Carr's epigram "upon the pictures in the following poems which the author first made with his owne hand admirably well as may be seen in his manuscript".

Once again the oddity of "The Weeper" is partly explained away when we understand how it was produced. The poet returned verse after verse to a stationary picture that could not change. The poem could only take the form of a number of descants upon a central theme of inflexible rigidity. Having closed one description, there was nothing to do but to begin another. Indeed, whatever is said of "The Weeper", and a good deal of wit has been vouchsafed concerning its details, the criticism is not very apt unless it predeclares the modality of the poem-as-style. Or looking at it from without rather than from within, it is the form in every one of its details that is the quintessence of the thought.

VII

The tendency of this essay has been theoretical in a way that runs continual danger of misappropriation. It is hoped that its purpose will not appear to be that of establishing a tedious emblem theory, but rather to use the term for its definitive value in showing that a certain type of curious images used by Donne, Herbert, and others is not merely grotesque word-juggling, the outward symptom of a fortuitous and unfortunate literary fashion. These images spring from a deeper cause : and at their best belong to true, not to forced, writing. They are the natural outcome of the highly evolved self-conscious mind, seeking not to play with words, but to find words for spiritual experience—"the true *concetti ed metafisici ideali*".

T. O. BEACHCROFT.

ART. 8.—IGNORANCE AND WISDOM

THIS article takes its departure from what we might describe, in English, as a "Summer School", which was held in France this year.* This meeting, or "Decade", to employ its correct appellation, was the third of a series, and its subject was the relation of the unlearned to the learned; of the inexpert to the specialist; the effect, in short, of the ever-growing mass of technical science and knowledge on the life and intelligence of ordinary humanity. Thus:

1. *How few are in the position of those who know—how great the majority of those who can only believe.*

2. *The increasing complication and technicity of scientific knowledge.*

3. *The divisions and sub-divisions of science, which render the "man who knows" in one department a mere layman in regard to the "man who knows" in another department.*

4. *How can a democratic philosophy survive this condition of knowledge?*

5. *Can we conceive of a remedy? and what should be the "preliminary discourse" to a modern Encyclopædia?*

I have no intention of giving a report of the ten sittings, and of the various ideas set forth; but the subject and its treatment served, not so much to inspire, as to fashion and define questions and problems which had been stirring in my mind for a long while; and my contribution, if any, to the development of the theme was that of the layman, and an ignorant one to boot. Perhaps for that very reason my exposition had some value, for he who knows can best explain the position and feelings of those who know; whereas he who does not know can better answer the question of the programme, which can really be resumed in a few words.—"What about the layman?"

Now we must note that the question, as set forth in the above programme, does not deal with the effect on the mind of the ordinary man of the vast mystery of the

* At the Abbaye de Pontigny, Yonne, where three meetings, or "decades", are held every summer, under the direction of M. Paul Desjardins.

universe, of that world whose wonders are so far beyond his comprehension ; it deals with the effect on his mind of that human science which is divided out amongst a comparatively small class of expert minds ; which can be imparted only fragmentarily, or, rather, superficially, to mankind in general ; which is developed by labour for which the ordinary mind has no training ; which is verifiable only by processes which demand a lifetime of preparation to be understood and followed.

This sense of alienation in face of a domain which is closed to us is quite distinct from the sense of curiosity, wonderment, littleness, of the child, the poet, and every mind capable (as indeed all minds are capable) of the sense of mystery in face of Nature with her hidden wonders and manifest glory.

In a beautiful recent article on Paul Claudel* we have a description of the mingled joy and anguish of the mind in front of the secrets of nature :

*Behold me,
Foolish, ignorant,
A newcomer in front of
things unknown.*

In Wordsworth's attitude to Nature there is less of anguish, more joy and peace ; yet there is still the sense of something greater than man can apprehend ; a sense of littleness and wonder.

But our programme does not deal with this ; it deals with the known and not the unknown ; with human knowledge and not the veiled mysteries of the universe. It puts before us a new form of faith problem, and yet not faith in the true sense of the word, but, rather, belief.

There is an argument sometimes used in answer to doubts in religious questions which has always seemed to me fallacious. We are told that we believe, unhesitatingly, on the word of man, many historic and scientific assertions which we are not in a position to verify ; and that we ought to have no greater difficulty in believing revealed truths on the word of God, through man. But there

* See *Vigile*, Deuxième Cahier—Jacques Madaule—"L'exigence de Dieu dans l'œuvre de Paul Claudel". Bernard Grasset, Paris.

is no real analogy. In science we only believe what we know to be verified and verifiable by others, if not by ourselves. We ourselves could verify those truths by taking the right means to do so ; and, in fact, we only accept them as truths in so far as we believe them to be humanly verifiable.

This is a totally different attitude of mind from that of religious faith. The latter makes us all one in the end, which science does not, but it demands also a obedience of the rational faculties which science equally does not.

Yet science, too, seems to constitute itself into a kind of Church, with teachers and laity, the teachers themselves being laymen in regard to one another where the province of each one ends and that of the other begins.

We find ourselves then confronted by an ever-increasing domain of knowledge, whose doors are closed to all those who have not obtained the means of entry by consecrating a large portion of their lives to technical training and preparation.

Now did the knowledge and science in question deal only with worlds remote from our own, with truths that had no bearing on our lives, our ignorance might be to us a matter of indifference. But this is not the case. Science deals with the world in which we live, even when it stretches beyond that world to the stellar universe. In fact, the discoveries of astronomy have had a more disturbing effect on the mind of man than any science confined to our own planet ; than any material invention. For the methods of science are hidden, but her results become, sooner or later, manifest ; and a new truth, such as the replacement of the Ptolemaic by the Copernican system, may produce a greater revolution in human life than any mechanical discovery. So that it must surely be admitted that ignorance—not perhaps invincible, but inevitable—is a real suffering, and may become positive anguish. For there is another element in this mental suffering, and that is the sense of dispersion ; the torment of multiplicity. There are too many things in life—too much to be known—too much to be adjusted in our mental outlook.

I remember once asking a little child, who had been born in the country, how he liked London. His answer was: "It's too big; *it gets in my way.*" The little chap uttered a philosophical truth; there is a bigness which gets in one's way until it resolves itself into the whole to which we belong, and of which we ourselves are part. There is a multiplicity which torments the mind until it can find the relationship between its various constituents. Only those who are utter victims either to the *fascinatio nugacitatis*, or to the cruel machinery of material life, the very smart and the very poor, can escape the sense of desolation in front of an unknown which is yet as close to us as it is strange. For, once more, science is concerned with the world in which we live, and with all that we can perceive from the standpoint of that world; it is at once near and strange. Our sentiment of exclusion is not the same as that of Claudel, of Wordsworth, of the child and of the poet; it is a far more definite sense of exclusion and deprivation—of humiliation and dependence.

We are taught that humiliation is good for the soul, and so it is, but only when it raises and ennobles the character; not when it simply discourages and depresses it; and a sense of dependence may also, no doubt, be salutary, but only when it develops strength and autonomy, not when it results in a mere sense of helplessness and inefficiency. The wrong kinds of humiliation may be more deadly to the soul than honour and glory; and a sense of dependence may degenerate into a kind of moral irresponsibility. It is one world in which we all live, and all the divisions of science cannot lessen the need of unity. Learned and unlearned constitute one society, and we all live by the rays of the sun, though not many of us can count its spots.

We, then, the mass of mankind, those who may be termed the ignorant, ask ourselves how we are to preserve our rightful intellectual independence, our spiritual autonomy, in spite of our ignorance; in spite of our unavoidable exclusion from that intimate knowledge of the world around us which is the portion of a few.

It is, under a new form, an old problem of religion

and asceticism—the problem of the relation of intellectual knowledge to the life of the soul. Only it has been treated more frequently from the point of view of the danger of knowledge than the danger of ignorance. Yet these are but the reverse sides of the same question—how is the knowledge of this life to be reconciled with the supreme and exclusive claims of the eternal life? “What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world if he suffer the loss of his own soul?” From the acceptance of this truth some have passed on to a rejection of everything in human life, excepting only its necessary sustenance, which has not a direct and exclusive reference to the salvation of the soul. Any least act of the faithful soul is of more avail than all the learning of the learned—“*quid ad nos?*”—only one thing signifies.

Yes, only one thing signifies; but surely the chief task of our lives, as human beings with an eternal destiny, is precisely to reduce all things to the one end; and we cannot do this by a mere process of evasion. “In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth”; are we going to leave that earth which He made for us to those who have no faith in His heaven? Are we going to wait until those, to whom we have abandoned the world on which God placed us, having wrung out its possibilities, find, some with anger, some with joy, that it is, after all, only explicable in the light of heaven and as its ante-chamber? Perhaps that is God’s way of “saving His word in all things and making all things well”; but we, who have shrunk from the way of knowledge, have scarcely helped Him in the task. These others chose earth and we chose Heaven; we should not have given up a single portion of the inheritance God bestowed on us.

*As the angelic orders differ according to the functions assigned them, so do men differ amongst each other in so far as, being destined to the knowledge of things corporal, to each one is appointed a certain kind and degree of knowledge for which he is to be, according to his place and time in creation, in the sight of God, a witness and intermediary.**

And, in another place :

* Paul Claudel—*loc. cit.*

*I must live ; I must not abandon the fight so long as I have not tested and possessed those numberless things that are mine.**

He demands too much—more than man can accomplish—but as the medieval knight prepared himself during his great Vigil for battle with enemies countless in number and terrific in strength, although no single life is long enough or strong enough for so unlimited a task, so the poet prepares himself to affront all possible knowledge resolved to make it his own, to bring it into subjection to the spirit.

There are passages in the *Imitation* which might seem, at first sight, to favour the method of evasion by a profession of contempt for the learning and science of this world. But if we study those passages more closely, we shall see that they are directed, not against the great study of God and man and Nature, but against the pseudo-knowledge of the would-be learned.

I had rather feel compunction than know its definition, for surely to feel it is to know it in the truest manner.

What availeth it to cavil and dispute?

Let all false teachers hold their peace. . . .

Speak Thou alone unto me.

What have we to do with genera and species?

The one who uttered those words had surely suffered from much learned verbiage ; and it was not from the steep and stony way of knowledge that he was warning his readers, but from the schools of vain and pretentious learning : the learning that consists in words rather than in thought ; the science which inflates.

But if not the *Imitation*, there are other less impregnable works of asceticism which have taught the devout soul to despise the learning which it might otherwise fear, and to escape all difficulties by a policy of evasion. They tell us that science is vain, that ignorance is as good as knowledge, that we can profitably escape its discipline by recourse to the higher exercise of prayer. And, strange to say, from an opposite quarter, and from a very different school of thought, comes likewise a suggestion of evasion ; this time not in the name of

* *Idem.*

God, but in the name of man. With a new interpretation of an old philosophy, we hear it maintained that the proper study of mankind is man, that *the laws of nature are useful conventions of strictly human manufacture, and that space and time and mass themselves, the whole universe of Newton and his successors, are simply our own invention.**

After all, the only truth that can be of interest to us, or that we can know, is a human truth. . . . What the scientists are trying to get at is non-human truth. . . . By torturing their brains they can get a faint notion of the universe as it would seem if looked at through non-human eyes. What with their quantum theory, wave mechanics, relativity, and all the rest of it, they do really seem to have got a little way outside humanity. Well, what the devil's the good of that? . . .

Our truth, the relevant human truth, is something you discover by living—living completely with the whole man.†

Is not this, in another form, an escape from the problem by a kind of flight and rejection; a belittling of science in so far as it contributes nothing to the free unfettered life of man on earth? In place of the *unum necessarium* of eternal salvation we have the *unum necessarium* of mortal existence, which is only hampered and thwarted by an attempt to reach beyond it. To live fully, here on earth, the life of sense and mind, and to take no count of that which human nature cannot adjust to its own ends, this is the way in which man fulfils his proper destiny, and is master of his own world.

This is a doctrine of relativity with a vengeance; and a renunciation of the true inspiring force of science, which is, indeed, an attempt to reach out from our littleness to a vast beyond, over which, nevertheless, we claim a certain right of possession. The windows we do, indeed, acknowledge to be the work of man; the conventions of science, its methods and its measures. But that which we see through those windows; the space which we measure, the mass which we weigh—those things are not human conventions and methods; they are outside man and yet a portion of his inheritance.

* *Point Counter Point*. Vol. I. Chap. XII.

† *Idem*. Vol. II. Chap. XXXIV.

To quote once more from M. Madaule's article on Claudel:

*There is no man worthy of the name who has not felt, in certain ardent moments, a frantic desire to seize, in one embrace, all the inheritance to which he feels himself entitled. He has been tempted to think that the universe existed for him. . . . He has regarded himself as an end. And Claudel, who knew this temptation, has shown us . . . to what an abyss it will lead.**

So that neither in the interests of eternal life, nor in the interests of human life on this earth, can our problem be evaded. Science is not a vain thing, nor is it a mere human invention; its secrets and its processes are, in a measure, the domain and possession of those who live for it, but every scientific man worthy of the name realizes the humility of his position, and knows that it is his honour to be a recipient of truth; that his conventions are not mainly of his own invention, or they would be of little worth, but are imposed on him by those forces of Nature of which they are the tentative expression. *De quel côté est l'agent? de quel côté est le patient?* asks M. Emile Boutroux in one place. The true scientist is an intermediary, and holds a priestly office in regard to the world of human intelligence. The universe, with its secrets of life and death, of space and motion, is before us all; science moves its groping way, with occasional bounds of insight, towards some interpretation of this great unknown or partly known.

How, then, to return to the question of this article, is the lay mind to preserve a necessary self-confidence and autonomy? to know how much it can never know and yet not reject the truth, nor fail to reap its benefits? For that which is known to any section of mankind cannot be a matter of indifference to the rest, and there is danger in blinding oneself to the plain results of science even if we cannot follow its process.

And here I should like to make a *quasi* digression in regard to literature. Like science, literature is often in our days speaking a language not understood of the vulgar. It may be said that this was always so, but I do not

* *loc. cit.*

think it was always so in quite the same sense as now. The uncultured mind has never troubled itself to understand the great writers of its own age, but with culture it could have done so. Was Dante incomprehensible to his educated contemporaries? Was Shakespeare, or Milton, or Goethe? Even later was Shelley, or Keats? Browning was regarded as obscure, but rather in virtue of hidden sense than of style. But at present we have a difficulty on the part of the educated as well as the uneducated public in seizing and comprehending the tendencies and meaning of much modern literature. Like science, it seems to have fallen, in part, into the domain of the expert, and we have the same problem as in science, of the relation of the lay mind to modern language and literature.

By some we shall be told that this state of incomprehension is peculiar to those of a past generation; that the young well understand the literature of their own age.

Hearts of gold, says the detestable Lucy in *Point Counterpoint*, when speaking of the old; *and wonderfully intelligent—in their way and all things considered. But they don't happen to belong to our civilization. They're aliens.* And, in another sentence: *They're impossible.*

In the first place this is not quite true, for many of the young do not understand modern art and literature; they reverence it, and wait to understand it, believing that it denotes the opening of a new era. So that, in fact, for young as well as old, we have, almost as in science, a department of life closed to all save the expert.

The problem is not identical, for in literature we have to allow for the play of fashion to a greater extent than in science. We see the idol of one generation being rolled in the mud by the next; never did it seem so dangerous to die as it does just at present in the world of letters.

Nevertheless, the same question does arise in regard to the rightful independence and autonomy of the lay mind. A slavish submission in matters of taste can be far more devastating in the moral order than a slavish submission in matters of science in the religious order.

For those who do not understand yield a more exaggerated acquiescence than those who do ; they think there is some great secret which justifies what they would otherwise dislike or condemn. Lured by the glamour of the unknown, they cast off what must be, they think, antiquated moral conventions ; they do really make of their belief in the expert an act of faith in the true sense of the word. They are afraid to follow their own judgment not knowing that we can lose much æsthetic experience by refusing to admit beauty where we ourselves perceive it, even though the expert deny it ; it is beauty for us even if it be unfashionable beauty. And sometimes our bad taste will be justified by a swing of the pendulum, and we shall find experts adoring what experts had burned, and burning what experts had adored.

A consideration of the whole question confirms me in an old conviction that a spirit of independence is the best safeguard in most of the difficulties of life, moral or spiritual. An open-eyed independence, that faces everything—learns all it can ; but is rightly humbled but not overwhelmed by ignorance.

Because ignorance, as well as knowledge, must look to a beyond where both can meet. There is no finality in human art, nor in human science. In spite of ourselves, we are apt to think, at each stage of human development, that we have reached some point of rest. If we accepted more thoroughly and inwardly the notion of knowledge as a continual process there would be less talk of youth and age in questions of literature ; there would be less conflict of faith and unbelief in matters of science. And here the layman has his rights. Although he cannot test the results of science at its various stages, he can know that those results are but pauses and arrests in a process ; that life moves on independently of them, and that, to quote from one of the unfashionable poets to whom I preserve my allegiance, we have :

On earth the broken arcs, in the heaven a perfect round.

And next, we have to distinguish between the methods and technique of science and the truths at which it thereby arrives. The former are a closed domain, save

to the expert; the latter are the inheritance of all mankind. The former have to be *accepted*, the latter have to be *appropriated*. For even though there be no finality, each step in human knowledge is truly a step, and to shut our eyes to a new truth or a new facet of truth is, indeed, to shrink from the office of man as priest of nature and her intermediary with God; to abandon the vocation which has been laid on us. To quote from the greatest War book ever written—*Non inferamus crimen gloriæ nostræ* *: in soldier language, let us "carry on"!

We have, then, to accept the telescope, to appropriate the view of the countless worlds it discloses.

Acceptance—Appropriation—these words seem to me to be the true answer to our problem—acceptance of the process, which we cannot follow; appropriation of the results, which have to become part of our life whether intellectual or practical.

And then comes the unifying process, which must be ever at work in every soul that lives.

O Truth, who art God, make me one with Thee in eternal love.

It is religion alone that can supply the supreme principle of unification; that can preserve to us the mastery of truth in spite of our ignorance; that can assure us the possession of the world in which we live even though the doors of science be locked. It all belongs to God, and God belongs to us.

We cannot all have knowledge, but wisdom is more than knowledge, and is refused to none. In virtue of wisdom we can look out of all the windows, and yet see that it is but one universe. In virtue of wisdom we can be ignorant and yet rejoice in the knowledge of all. Wisdom teaches both humility and pride, docility and independence—she presided over creation, and accompanies its every process. She was with God from eternity, "when He made the Heavens and the earth, and bridged the abyss", "but her delight is to be with the children of men".

M. D. PETRE.

* Maccabees i. 9

ART. 9.—THE TWO RENAISSANCES

1. *The Victory of the Papacy.* Cambridge Mediaeval History IX. Cambridge University Press.
2. *Medieval Culture.* Dr. Vossler, translated by Dr. Spingarn. Constable.
3. *Islam and the Divine Comedy.* Asin y Palacios, translated by H. Sunderland, with a preface by the Duke of Alba. Murray.

WHILE the world of to-day gives richer interchange and opportunity than ever before, it is yet so uncertain of itself that it keeps risking or forfeiting all in a chaos of waste and ruin. The absorbing privilege of living in our time is to see and to share in that tension. We live in luxuries, and feel at every turn the menace of malaise; we travel fast and far but forfeit the traffic with variety; we have shortened space, but fail in creative intercourse; though we send our voices thousands of miles, it is not always that we have anything particular to say; we conquer pain and disease only to find life is insupportable except when drugged by cigarette, by machinery, by routine or by sensational amusement. We exploit new riches in all corners of the world, and find in the windows of our pharmacies instruments to destroy at the very moment of conception the children who should inherit them. We attain portentous power over air and earth and water, and the spirit of enterprise is stifled in the sorrowing dullness of unemployment. We make the world a unity of civilized comfort, and at the same time invent engines of destruction to shatter life and its monuments in merciless upheaval. Everywhere alike in modern civilization, and most when it is most triumphant, the material advance has outrun the unity of order which is the expression of the governance of the mind of man, when this itself is ruled by inward principles of truth, of energy, of law. The material organization of Northern Europe, which has had in America an unrestricted field, has exchanged the energy and delight of fullness of living for restlessness, exchange and production. Everywhere life grows stale and unprofitable from the lack of those

principles of order over minds and men which, as history shows, the world owes to the law, the thought, the inspiration of the Mediterranean culture on which the Church was nurtured, and which it is her office both to preserve and to diffuse. Material advance, in so far as it outruns the spiritual order, is far more dangerous than material backwardness. The greater the force, so, if once misused, the more sinister it is.

All the wilder and more mischievous
Is an unweeded garden grown to seed
The more the soil is rank and vigorous.

It is no wonder that after an experience of tumult and destruction, there is less prejudice against the Church ! No wonder that she fascinates even pagan scholars with the age when her unity inspired that great burgeoning of thought, of beauty, and of holiness which the thirteenth century drew forth. That order of riches, the twentieth—with all its inventiveness and rationalization of production—is, as we have seen, doubtful of creating.

In *The Victory of the Papacy*, we have an impressive account not only of the political organization of the Empire, which contended with the Papacy to direct the unity of civilization, but also of the developing nationalities and parliaments which grew outside it. This volume reveals the weakness of the Papacy in the political expedients it employed against the Empire ; and it does justice to the great principle of spiritual unity which St. Thomas set forth in *De Regimine Principum*, and in which Innocent III completed the work of Gregory VII. At the same time it defines the growth of nationalism and of parliamentary rights, which in English histories used to distract our attention from the still greater achievements of the time. It points out how through all, the thirteenth century, that earlier and greater Renaissance, was not a revolution but a fulfilment of the ages before it ; a fulfilment which is made clear by the roving exploration of the sources of the *Divine Comedy* in Dr. Vossler's *Mediæval Culture*.

If we wish to understand the thirteenth century and its triumphs, or even its failures, it is necessary to balance the continuous growth and unfolding of the Church with the sudden and gigantic impulse which came to it from its philosophy and which moved the basis of Christian thought from Plato to Aristotle. It insisted that the world was not merely a shadow of eternal ideas, but rather that eternal reality could not be known unless there was a ground-work of valid knowledge in contact with the outward world which provides the basis of man's cognizance. Scholasticism was therefore—as much as the poetry of the age of Wordsworth—a return to Nature, and what, with Albertus and Thomas, the Dominicans did for theology and philosophy was completed by the new love for the created world which made Francis a brother to the earth and a preacher to the birds. But the same movement can be traced in painting, and in the classic revival in sculpture with Giovanni and Niccolo Pisano. The thirteenth century, in fact, was rich in new masterpieces because it found—and it insisted—that Nature was intrinsically good. It cried out in Browning's cry :

O World as God has made it—all is beauty
And seeing this is love, and love is duty

The idea that matter was essentially evil no longer haunted it. Although not anxious, like Pelagius, to deny original sin, it insisted with the utmost clearness that the fall which had brought another element into human nature was, in the overruling of Providence, a happy and a truly necessary sin in that it was the exordium of man's adoption into a life higher than his own, and that in any case it could not ruin the excellence of the original creation. It is this point which Dr. Vossler misses. Like the father of Queen Victoria he has a distorted eye. Whenever he comes near this heart of things he sees them, not *per speculum in ænigmate*, but blurred and disfigured into caricatures of what they are. He does not stop at calling St. Thomas "a semi-Pelagian"; he insists

that the universal doctor of the Church was unable to see the contrast between pagan virtue and Christian virtue ; between acceptance and renunciation of the world. He sees, in the great order of Christian Aristotelianism, a tangle of contradictions. "A vague unconscious pressing mass of sacred and worldly dreams," he writes : "of eschatological horrors, of evangelical longing for freedom, of vanished imperial glory and future rights of man, seethes in the fragile vessel of Thomistic scholasticism". If Dr. Vossler were an Englishman and disdained Catholic scholarship, we might commend him to Tout or Professor Taylor ; if a Frenchman to Picavet or to M. Gilson ; but he need not go beyond his own country. Such a complete incapacity for metaphysical distinction, or indeed for Mediterranean scholarship, is far from typical of Germany. It does not, however, need a metaphysician or a scholar to see at once how, just as a spire shoots upwards from a tower, so a fabric of inspired thought can arise, and be more firmly built, from a basis of human wisdom, and that such virtues as faith, hope and charity, though of a different order, are not in conflict with prudence, temperance, courage or justice.

Owing to the same intellectual defect in discerning differences and distinctions, Dr. Vossler is in error when he deals with the relation of ethics to politics in Dante's scheme. That was one point, it will be remembered, where Dante the Ghibelline did differ from St. Thomas. St. Thomas, in *De Regimine Principum* (which Dr. Vossler appears to attribute to Egidio Colonna !) insisted that the Pope had a moral supremacy over the political world. There is no precision of dogma on the point, but it has always been a principle of the highest importance and is so not least to-day. Dante, reasoning from Aristotle alone, placed one supreme political authority supreme and final in his own realm, independent of the spiritual supremacy of the Pope, as though there were no moral or spiritual concomitant to the wealth and power of nations, and as though the Christian authority over the individual did not extend to national law, or life in society. Yet, says Dr. Vossler, Dante did not take a single vital idea from Aristotle. How can he reconcile

this sweeping sentence with his knowledge that Dante's entire philosophy of Nature was Aristotelian, or that Dante called Aristotle *il primo di tutti che sanno*?

Dr. Vossler's stores of information are wide and deep. But although this book has just been translated by Dr. Spingarn, who writes an introduction to it, it omits all reference to the revolutionary discoveries as to Dante's sources which were made by Professor Asin y Palacios, a priest and a professor of the university of Madrid. At no time in the whole history of the study of Dante has any scholar contributed either so searching, so sweeping, or so startling a novelty as the discovery of the celebrated Spanish savant, that the scheme and the imagery of the *Divine Comedy* are paralleled in the *Miraj* of Ibn Arabi of Murcia; that in almost every particular where, until a few years ago, we thought that Dante had been original, he had been preceded by a Spanish Mahomedan. The general architecture of the *Inferno* is but a copy of the Moslem hell; the architecture of Dante's Paradise is identical with that of Islam. Ibn Arabi, like Dante, meets Adam and discusses with him the language spoken in Eden; the apotheoses in both ascensions are exactly alike; even the mystic doctrines of Dante had been anticipated by Ibn Arabi. In the tortures and rewards, in the development of dramatic action, in the episodes and incidents of the journey, in the rôle of the protagonist, and even in the parts taken by minor personages, the *Divine Comedy* finds a model in a legend of Islam.

But beautiful and illuminating as is the work of Ibn Arabi, both in itself and in relation to Dante, there was yet another reason why Dr. Vossler and Dr. Spingarn are inexcusable in ignoring it; one of the most fascinating passages of Dr. Vossler's book embodies his researches into the chivalrous ideal of love. He explains how the poets of the sweet new style thought of human love, and even of a physical approach, which was most rapturous in eschewing the procreative consummation; and this ideal, integral to Dante's conception of Beatrice, came from the Provençal troubadours who, in Dr. Vossler's opinion, were indebted for it to Germanic peoples. Professor Asin shows that this school of romance had gone far

further in Islam, and that in particular Dante's own *Cancionero* and *Convito* provide remarkably close coincidences not only with the principles, but with the definite imagery, of two books of Ibn Arabi, *The Interpreter of Love*, and its commentary *The Treasure of Lovers*.

Indeed, when moving from the concrete, convincing, restrained yet sparkling thesis of Don Miguel Asin, to the wide but often incorrect discursiveness of Dr. Vossler, we cannot for a moment hesitate between the claims of the Spaniard and those of the German. Perhaps the German has been less fortunate in his translator than the Spaniard. But when we read of "the ethical evaluation of the political struggle proceeding in the *apodiatic* form of conceptual jurisprudence", it is a relief to turn to the solid shining diamonds of the Duke of Alba's style and Mr. Sunderland's version of Dr. Asin's.

We have been obliged to speak of Dr. Vossler's shortcomings as a scholar, and his crude and sweeping misconceptions. But he has none the less done a great and valuable work, a work nowhere more valuable than to the Catholic scholar, who will be able at once to detect his mistakes, and who will learn from them what misconceptions are current. There is none who will not find his knowledge widely extended by the range of Dr. Vossler's researches.

As for the volume of Cambridge history, it is concentrated rather on the relation of the Empire to the Papacy and on the growth of freedom and nationalism in individual countries, not on the great achievements of culture. And here it also is of great advantage to Catholic scholars who need to keep well aware of secular learning in such matters, and above all to recognize that the age of St. Dominic, St. Francis, St. Thomas, St. Bonaventura, St. Louis, St. Clare, St. Elizabeth of Hungary, of Simon de Montfort, Duns Scotus, Cimabue, Giotto, Dante; the age of the Cid and of the Gothic cathedral; of Roger Bacon, and the revival of learning; and of the beginnings of capitalism was followed by, say, the captivity at Avignon, or the Wars of the Roses, and was accompanied by ruthless religious persecution. Dr. Walsh's

great pioneer work on the achievement of the thirteenth century needs to be balanced by the researches of scholars such as Dr. Prévité-Orton, to whom the thirteenth century is a "gorgeous starlit sky" which is to fade before the "murky and long delaying dawn" of which the first streaks appear in it ; for all need to be well aware of that decline of the prestige of the Papacy which has been, and is to be, treated elsewhere.

III

The great Catholic achievements of the thirteenth century do not gain their full value for our own till we see how, while expressing the genius of their century as a treasury for centuries to follow—and the twentieth especially—they yet seemed at the time to fail. For in that thirteenth century crime was still a common habit ; travel was perilous, commerce difficult and slow ; plagues would sweep through city and province ; barbarism encroached on Christendom, not only in the North, but in the South, and left its influence on Dante even in his vision of Paradise ; neither lust nor savagery was thought surprising, and, as in other times, the vices of men found a fresh outlet in every struggle they made to justify their virtues. But if the knowledge of our own worst—and that age never saw horrors on the scale on which we have seen them—can still allow us to be horrified by torture and violence, we must not omit to notice that their ideal of civilization rose higher than those of our own material age.

We have to consider only the tension of thrust and balance in a great Gothic cathedral to see that that was an age of struggle between barbarism and order ; it is not surprising that the Victorians, building up their sacramentalism on the one side, and their slums on the other, should go back to Gothic for a model for their churches. The Gothic cathedral shoots a spire into the clouds ; and even within draws the eye upwards to the giddy height of its topmost sones ; with its stained windows it finds its model for the House of God in a forest shooting flame. But it harbours the gargoyle and the obscene carving ; it

is at home with devils ; and in its statuary, as in the figures in its glass, an elfin, a fanatic, or even a sullen mood is commoner than serenity. Longfellow, in his magnificent sonnets on the *Divina Commedia*, has expressed almost to perfection this great conflict in the mediaeval mind to which the great thirteenth century saints fought the evil around them, when holiness, bleeding from its duel with egoism, attempted to unite society at the altar with the pardon which is peace. The same mind was in the great architect as in the great poet :

How strange the sculptures that adorn these towers !
This crowd of statues, in whose folded sleeves
Birds build their nests ; while canopied with leaves
Parvis and portal bloom like trellised bowers,
And the vast minster seems a cross of flowers !
But friends and dragons on the gargoyl'd eaves
Watch the dead Christ between the living thieves,
And, underneath, the traitor Judas lowers !
Ah, from what agonies of heart and brain,
What exultations trampling on despair,
What tenderness, what tears, what hate of wrong,
What passionate outcry of a soul in pain,
Uprose this poem of the earth and air,
This medieval miracle of song !

It was to this conflict that raged alike through society and in the heart that the Church in her truths and mysteries offered a heavenly peace :

I lift mine eyes, and all the windows blaze
With forms of saints and holy men who died,
Here martyr'd and hereafter glorified :
And the great Rose upon its leaves displays
Christ's Triumph, and the angelic roundelays,
With splendour upon splendour multiplied !
And Beatrice again at Dante's side
No more rebukes, but smiles her words of praise.
And then the organ sounds, and unseen choirs
Sing the old Latin hymns of peace and love,
And benedictions of the Holy Ghost ;
And the melodious bells among the spires
O'er all the house-tops and through heaven above
Proclaim the elevation of the Host !

The Church of the thirteenth century through all its wrestles and convulsions kept clear its faith in the Real Presence of the Prince of Peace in its Holy Mysteries. The victory of the Papacy was one with the triumph of the Mass. Sacramental truth which moved St. Thomas in his theology and in his hymns to write of the Blessed Sacrament was in complete harmony with the Aristotelian principles of his natural philosophy. The Church, as we saw, for the first time actively rid herself of the idea that matter was evil; she saw the origin of evil not in Nature but in disorder. Opposing the Hindu doctrine that the outward world is delusion; differing from the Platonic teaching that the world is a shadow, mediaeval philosophy taught that the outward world is real not in the sense that it is an idea, but in a sense similar to the word which is a valid expression of thought; it taught that reality was first in a formative idea; then in the images of Nature discerned by sense in which the formative idea is expressed, and finally in the concept formed in the mind which perceived the image. This is the doctrine which underlies the continuous development of mediaeval culture between the first Renaissance and the second.

But how the inward was connected with the outward Aristotle had not suggested, and no mediaeval philosopher attempted to explain. There was, therefore, something in the massive structure of scholastic thought which seemed both to the man of common sense, and to the thinker, insecure. While on the one side William of Ockham with the Nominalists, weary of trying to apply the doctrine of "universals" which had come down from Plato's doctrine of ideas, insisted that there was no final reality, on the other hand the artists, who began with the doctrine that Nature was real, now forget the dominance of a higher order, and became absorbed in the record of sense. "Are we to be strong by following the natural fact," asked Giovanni d'Arezzo. And all men of common sense with him answered: "Yes, assuredly." Men became absorbed in the life of the senses; thought, no longer occupied with the order of the universe, degenerated into an activity hindered by nothing

but the outward world, and philosophy lost itself in Science.

But so rich was the enterprise of the fifteenth century, both in learning and in travel, so full of promise its continuous development, that once again in thought, in holiness, in beauty, from the life of three centuries the impulse of a universal spring touched Western Europe and the spirit of man flowered out. We do not understand the Middle Ages till we compare the Renaissance of the sixteenth century with that of the thirteenth. *This second Renaissance is no more a revolt from mediaevalism than the first had been, but it is rather the final expression of the Middle Ages.*

In the thirteenth century, as we saw both in the North and in the South, both in the *Divine Comedy* and the Gothic Cathedral, Nature was welcomed while, at the same time, the serenity of illuminated thought battled with and overcame ferocity. After three centuries of humanism, which hurried forward to new kinds of triumph in Italy after the Popes' return from Avignon, there comes a new return to Nature through the classics, a new revival of classic humanism, a new epoch of adventure. This time the struggle is not with barbarity (though that still was there), but with something secular, man's faculties and opportunities. The North scattered from the Papacy as before the East had done. Western civilization is again inspired to great masterpieces. But this time there are no great cathedrals in the North, there is no Dante in Italy. This time it is the architecture of the South which illustrates the crisis and the literature of the North. In Rome the greatest in a succession of geniuses, Raphael and Michaelangelo, come to the Vatican and paint in the Vatican the triumphs of the Church; and the struggle of the ideals of Christian order with the grandeur of human life and passion finds its supreme expression in St. Peter's as before it had found it in the *Divina Commedia*. In England the vast genius of Shakespeare expresses the spirit of the age in its sense of the grandeur of the human lot, but the sense is calamitously different from that of the great cathedrals. When, as in the great tragedies, the convulsions are most sublime, man

compasses his own destruction ; life leads nowhere and signifies nothing ; it becomes at last a madman's tale of sound and fury, so tragic that at last

Man's nature cannot carry
The affliction nor the fear.

Shakespeare's greatest plays, it will be remembered, are studies of men driven to frenzy by their obsessions ; even love has lost its bearings, and instead of making for order, instead of leading upward to Paradise, to the Madonna, and to the Blessed Trinity, the greatest force in the universe is seen to have escaped from control ; it becomes the *grande passion* ; the riches and beauty which it lends to human life are but a fragile splendour erected at the mouth of chaos ; and from an earth which is terrible and sublime, the heart and mind of man are appalled at the gulfs of midnight towards which they are driven by the uproar within their own natures.

Greek tragedy had been grim ; but what was it to the issues envisaged when the wild weather, the dark forests and the brutal strength of the North invaded a conception of life enriched by three centuries of Christian humanism, and when the world offered to adventurers Indian and American riches, only to weaken the moral control over nations and to doubt whether, instead of a triumph of life, it was not death which through all the "carnal, bloody and unnatural acts" of men was hunting a quarry to feast in its eternal cell ? Death, even of the body, is not quiescence ; it is the violent activity of forces of corruption.

It was, in fact, a stronger paganism with which at the close of the Middle Ages a purified but divided Christendom had to deal. While the Emperor now fought the King, and now sacked Rome, the outward world was a mirror of the havoc of ideas. Shakespearean paganism reached out to Roman origins as well as Northern ones. Yet in her own realm the Church became more glorious. While St. Peter's, the Vatican and the Council of Trent gave the Middle Ages their Catholic Crown, Lutheranism, Calvinism and Anglicanism, even though cleft from the

truth of unity, and the unity of truth, still kept before men the ideas of the Trinity and the Incarnation, of the two greater Sacraments, and of the traditions of the Bible which saw the earth as good when it was made. Though the reformers went back rather to Augustinian Platonism than to Thomistic Aristotelianism, they did not lose sight of the central truths of faith and of redemption. The roots of the Reformation were deep in Northern Mediaevalism. Again and again the ideas of Mediaeval Christendom were to show how strong was their hold upon the North, and how far they stretched beyond Catholic Unity. Again and again they brought grandeur in the midst of confusion, until at last, after the period of Goethe, Beethoven and Wordsworth and Napoleon, the North transferred the idea of order to material things ; it developed a genius for organization ; it transferred the mediaeval thirst for knowledge into the mastery of Nature, and it gave the world the material means of unity.

IV

Perhaps we have been inclined to think Christendom more divided than in reality it was. The truth, surely, is rather that whereas on the one side the one tradition kept to the basis of unity, and maintained that the outward and the inward, in a wonderful order, were both commingled and arrayed in relation to one another ; the other tendency, which became increasingly disruptive in the spiritual and intellectual orders, concentrated more and more on physical well-being, and physical activity—in production, in exchange, in business generally—and cultivated the virtues which went with those. Its need of spiritual and sacramental unity where it can find the means both to attain through the senses to the spiritual, and where the spiritual can regulate the order of society so as to provide it with an organic spiritual centre ; this need is more and more manifest. But the Church is at her strongest only when, as in the thirteenth and the sixteenth centuries, she combines her own energy and her own truth with the contribution which Providence has

prepared for her to use. The aid of material organization to her state and function of unity is indisputable and indispensable.

v

Indeed the ideal of a universal physical well-being is not the invention of a pagan civilization; it is one with Christ's insistence upon the works of mercy. The Church's desire is to reintegrate Eden. She looks to an order where the hungry are fed, the sick are healed, the naked are clothed; where, in fact, in spite of differences of function, of talent and of fortune, men will be so united as to recognize in others, and most of all in the unfortunate, the means of rising to their own perfection in the Body of Christ. The difference between the Christian and the non-Christian ideal is that material well-being is not the whole; it is in fact subordinate to the truths of the spiritual life so that mind and body react on one another in the social interdependence of the Church's participation in the abundance of God. The idea of the grandeur of the natural man, which was expressed supremely by Raphael and Michaelangelo, far from being a departure from the tradition of Christian art, is, in fact, a great advance in it. The great artistic monuments of the Vatican and St. Peter's manifest an ideal which is essential to Catholicism, that the nature which God redeemed was first made good and admirable.

It is the particular boldness of the Church, furthermore, to make the instruments of inanimate Nature the very vehicles of redemption, for the whole world of Nature is part of the realm of spirit. Innumerable presences of life and reality crowd into communion with the hearts of men. They press upon man with that energy of act which shows their participation in the supreme Activity from which they take their origin. Energy is too closely akin to life for us arbitrarily to drive it from the act which is a mind. What happens within the nature of man in the interrelation behind the act of thought and outward energy is an index to the scheme of the universe. The reality of each can be traced to a unit of electrical energy.

Science is no longer dealing with a world sundered from the mind of man. It deals with a magnetic whole, which is being continually recreated in intercommunion. *Ne Creatore ni creatura mai fu senza amore.* The idea which Dante gathered into succinctness from Philosophy that the universe is a series of magnetic attractions where physical and intellectual and spiritual play upon one another from within distinguishable orders is dawning again upon the specialized investigators of phenomena. It is an order of unity where the wisdom and spirit of the universe act as an impulse of love. Love, as the creator of life, is the force which scientists now recognize to dominate their own realm from the kindred spheres of magnetism and electricity which play so large a part in the life and love of all living creatures, and which in man develop into the magic of intuitive sympathies.

Few things are more wearisome than to have the confusion around us dismissed as inevitable to an age of transition. From what are we passing? To what? And why? We shall enter into the fuller life of a third Renaissance only if we can fuse the impulses of the First and the Second into the truths and triumphs of this age, as those of the First were fused into what alone was healthful in the Second. The spiritual must accept not only the intrinsic excellence of Nature, but the intrinsic grandeur of human life. It cannot deny that "Man to get towards Him that's infinite must first be great." But with a firm hold upon the truths which the Second Renaissance developed from the First, the Church, in face of the conflicts and disorders which at the present moment hurl aimless men like fiends or phantoms in the clouds of storm, is serene in the possession of the centrally magnetic love which is as much the ordering norm of the world as the Sun is to our planetary system, or the Papacy of her own. But there is no reason to think that in the storm and stress of this travail, the unfaithful, even if lurking within her own array, will not do grievous harm, as they did in the thirteenth and the sixteenth centuries. The dispositions of the forces about to engage are still more complex and obscure than they were when the Empire attacked the Papacy. But though

The Two Renaissances

The very Source and fount of day
Is flecked with wandering isles of night,

the serener heavens are always luminous. There is, as Dante said, no light but from that tranquil ether from which the Church operates as the unique instrument of providence.

ROBERT SENCOURT.

ART. 10.—THE UNITED STATES OF EUROPE

IT is an unfortunate truth, which the first enthusiasts for democratic government failed to take into account, that public interest cannot be indefinitely sustained. People who read of successive international conferences year after year, as they have had to do since the war, cease after a time to be at all stirred by gatherings of high contracting parties. Conference follows conference, without, as a rule, any marked and obvious result, and the same popular attitude of weariness and indifference which causes reports of what happens in Parliament to go unread and to be increasingly truncated in all newspapers aiming at large popular circulations, is extended to the activities of statesmen in the international field.

Those who live by discussing public questions, journalists and lecturers, are for ever deploring this apathy and calling for more interest, and, when that is plainly not forthcoming, for more education. To describe the absolute need for more of these things, and the awful calamities that wait upon indifference, makes a safe and impressive peroration, and meets with a ready welcome from members of the audience, whose very presence is, they can proudly reflect, an implied rebuke on those who are absent amusing themselves. No amount of sympathy for those who eschew the heavy political article and the pompous lecture can get rid of the uncomfortable measure of truth there is in such utterances. In the international sphere events are taking place all the time which are not the less important for being so unattractively imbedded in tortuous and evasive official language in a setting of memorandum and despatch and conference and official conversation, which makes it far from simple to detect what is of real moment and what is no more than the tactics or rhetoric of embarrassed public men.

When Mr. Briand put forward the proposals for a "United States of Europe" last year, there was little public interest because his declaration came after ten years of declarations, each hailed, by some interested party, as starting a new era of European peace. Yet it was a

remarkable event that so great a figure in French politics, the man who since the war has been so habitually Foreign Secretary, whoever might be Premier, that he is almost considered a permanent official, should have sponsored a scheme of such far-reaching implication. France is commonly regarded as the most self-sufficient country in Europe, the country most attached to exclusive nationalism, most addicted to a foreign policy of alliances and avowed aversions, most suspicious of the diplomacy of other powers. Yet the proposals were put forward and supported in a speech which showed how wide were the considerations which had led to their formation, and how compelling are the new facts of the European situation.

Mr. Briand's words on September 15th, 1929, were in part as follows :

I have been associated of recent years with active propaganda in favour of an idea that is politely described as magnanimous—perhaps in order to avoid terming it rash. This idea, which was first conceived many years ago, which has haunted the imagination of philosophers and poets, and which has won for them a certain *succes d'estime*—this idea has now forged ahead in virtue of its own intrinsic worth, and has been seen at last to supply the answer to a real need. Propagandists have united to spread it abroad, to establish it more firmly in the minds of the nations, and among these propagandists I stand confessed. At the same time, I have never closed my eyes to the difficulties of such an undertaking, nor failed to realize the doubtful expediency, for a statesman, of plunging into what might readily be termed such an adventure. But all man's greatest and wisest acts, I think, contain some element of madness or temerity. So I absolved myself in advance and went on. I realize to the full the dangers of over-hasty action, and I do not deny that the problem is perhaps rather outside the scope of the League's programme. It bears a relation to that programme, however, for the League has called for international reconciliation and urged the formation of regional associations, even on most comprehensive lines.

I think that between peoples constituting geographical groups, like the peoples of Europe, there should be some kind of federal bond ; it should be possible for them to get into touch at any time, to confer about their interests, to agree on just resolutions, and to establish among themselves a bond of solidarity which will

enable them, if need be, to meet any grave emergency that may arise. That is the link I want to forge.

Obviously this association will be primarily economic, for that is the most urgent aspect of the question, and I think we may look for success in that direction. Still, I am convinced that politically and socially also this federal link might, without affecting the sovereignty of any of the nations belonging to such an association, do useful work; and I propose during this session to ask those of my colleagues here who represent European nations to be good enough to consider this suggestion unofficially and submit it to their governments for examination, so that those possibilities which I see in the suggestion may be translated into realities later—perhaps at the next session of the Assembly.

It cannot be pretended that very much progress has been made in the fifteen months that have since elapsed. There was a great deal of support for the idea, and Mr. Benes, of Czecho-Slovakia, made a notable speech on the lines of Mr. Briand's. A questionnaire, sent by the Federal Committee of European Co-operation to its national committees, asked whether European co-operation should be extended beyond the economic field into the political, and if so, what the political goal should be: a unitary state, a Federal government, or a system of units included in a wider unit. The French and German committees answered very fully, supporting the idea, and by May 9th, 1930, when Mr. Briand returned to the charge with a "Memorandum on the organization of a régime of European Federal union," a profession of support, couched in very general terms, was the usual response when the question was raised. In all the responsible statements, with one or two exceptions, it was laid down that nothing must infringe the sovereignty of states. What is envisaged by so eager a protagonist as Mr. Herriot, in his book, *The United States of Europe*, is something on the model of the Pan-American movement, although Pan-Americanism is a very small movement. The Pan-American Conferences, of which there have now been six, are held at different American capitals—Washington, Brazil, Havana—and are an occasion for glorifying the New World. The United States takes the lead in maintaining the movement, finding in

it a most useful platform from which to issue reassurances to its Latin-American neighbours that its policy towards them is free from any covert imperialist designs. The method of periodical conferences, "prefaced", says Mr. Herriot, "by a permanent information service and carried into effect by executive bodies," is very much the method by which the British Dominions and Great Britain maintain a political union, and British statesmen have already grown familiar with the questions that arise in attempts to maintain at the same time unity and local autonomy. In the British Empire the movement has been away from unity towards an ever greater recognition of the sovereignty of each self-governing country. The European movement, now in its infancy, is meeting the same problem from the other side. Starting, as did the thirteen American states before they framed the Constitution of 1789, from local sovereignties the question is how, little by little, to set up a central body with some real power.

Great Britain has so far been the least encouraging in her reply, because Europe is only one of her fields of action. Any close political union with European Powers would render more difficult the maintenance of the already attenuated imperial ties with the Dominions. A powerful section of English opinion considers close relations with the United States the cardinal principle of British policy to-day. A closer relation with Europe is but one out of three possible lines of policy, and it is opposed by keen Imperialists like Lord Beaverbrook and Mr. Amery and by advocates of close co-operation with the United States like Mr. Garvin. It has to encounter not only the English prejudice against foreigners, but the belief that the closer we are drawn to the continent, the more will the lower standard of continental wages and labour conditions extend themselves to this country. In spite of that fear, the attitude of the Liberal and Labour parties has been more friendly than that of the Conservatives, because the great argument for European federation is the present tariff policy of European countries. The maze of tariff walls is a grave burden to English manufacturers, and it is English

policy to support whatever may diminish their bad effects on our export trade.

The Italian Government, despite its enthusiastic, belated, nationalism, replied very warmly supporting the movement. It urged that Russia and Turkey should also be included as far as possible, on the ground that Europe to-day "does not represent a civil unity which it is possible to isolate in considering universal problems of political and economic organization. Modern civilization cannot be split up."

The replies, in fact, have been remarkable for the lip service they have paid to the need for effective union. It is probably true that many statesmen felt they had nothing to lose by enthusiastic language, and that the reservations as to national sovereignty made it unlikely that very much would result. The real significance of the whole movement is not to be found in the likelihood of it producing any great changes in the immediate future, but in the general recognition that the day of the sovereign state is passing away. Sovereignty in theory and in official declarations is as absolute as ever. Sovereignty over individuals—the enforcement of state regulations, state education, conscription, and similar acts of authority—has never been more real and effective. The Socialist movement, represented in varying degrees of strength of membership and vehemence of conviction in almost every country in Europe, inculcates an attitude of expectant subserviency towards the state, and outvies its opponents in holding up the service of the state as the complete duty of man. Yet statesmen to-day know better than anybody how limited is their power, and see before their eyes the economic structure of the world changing rapidly in a direction which threatens to leave them with less power than ever.

As the quotation, printed above, from M. Briand's speech shows, it is from the side of economics that the question of European unity has grown acute. Mediæval emperors and kings strove throughout the Middle Ages against the peril of the "over-mighty subject", and the final victory, in country after country, of the central power made the reputation of national governments as

the mainstays of internal peace. To-day the governments of States watch the economic organization of the world proceeding outside their councils and oblivious of their wishes. Large-scale economic units only consider the tariff walls and embargoes which statesmen raise as so many obstacles to be circumvented or removed, and men whose minds are concentrated on the production of wealth regard the statesmen's map of Europe with the economically indefensible boundary lines and tariff walls resulting from the Treaty of Versailles as an arbitrary vexation interfering with the economic courses dictated by the arrangements of nature. Great industries to-day know no national allegiance and envisage the world as their field of action. To give two grotesque examples may make the principle at stake plain. The International *Compagnie des Wagons-Lit* runs through Europe. Several governments have thought they would like to secure to their own subjects a share of the repairing and coach-building work the *Compagnie* has to do, and have attempted to lay down conditions. But the tourist traffic means so much money spent in a country, that no government cares to push matters to extremes and exclude the *Compagnie*. The other example which may be quoted is also concerned with the tourist traffic. Pleasure cruises of wealthy, leisured people go round the Mediterranean and Caribbean seas. The ships stop at countries whose attraction lies in the primitive ways and strange costumes of the simple inhabitants. Reforming governments, anxious to give their subjects the best there is, introduce hygienic reforms. Dresses and manners are changed, unhealthy if picturesque buildings are pulled down. The health of the people is improved ; but not their spirits. What is the use of having more hygienic clothes if you have less money with which to buy food, say the citizens, when it is gradually borne in upon them that they are being omitted from the itineraries of the pleasure cruises as being no longer of sufficient artistic interest. In the Caribbean it has even been intimated to governments that the patronage of the pleasure cruises will be withdrawn from their shores if the modernization does not cease.

These instances are admittedly grotesque and trivial, but the principle is exactly the same when a great corporation, bestriding France and Germany, can make the same play with national governments. When the American states agreed to a Federal Union they retained powers over commerce and industry which proved, later on, of great convenience to the Standard Oil Company and similar corporations. Individual states were quite unable to exercise any control over companies which could withdraw themselves at a moment's notice, and when the evil of trusts provoked the reaction of the trust-busting campaigns in the great days of Roosevelt, it was an obvious axiom that only a strong Federal government, controlling all the territory in which the big corporations were operating, could hope to undertake the work with success.

Europe has chiefly encountered the new economic order in the form of cartels straddling the frontier between France and Germany. Since the steel cartel and the potash cartels were formed, five years back, the various industries which use each other's product so that steel may ultimately result, have been bound together in one organization which only joint action by the French and German Governments could effectively control. In itself the organization, even on monopolistic lines, of great industries as single units, brings many advantages. It is the new response of post-war Europe to the intense competition of America. Labour sentiment, which for years has favoured organizations like the First and Second Internationals for binding together the workmen of all countries, cannot easily object to the idea of union from the employers' side. In a sense the business men are leading where the parliamentarians will have to follow, and are blazing a new trail when they place business before nationality.

To revert to the American parallel, the real union of the United States came through the rapid drifting of populations from one part to another. Men who lived in four different states felt no particular loyalty to any one state, and within a very few years of the close of the Civil War in 1865, statehood and state rights had come

to take a very secondary place, because such particularism made a bad setting for economic developments, the railway building and the rest of it, which really interested most of the population. To-day in Europe both Capital and Labour, ceaselessly preoccupied with ways and means, have to look beyond their national boundaries to make effective plans. Mr. Lucien Romier, the most acute discerner of these new tendencies, points out how the modern citizen no longer draws his physical livelihood from the same source which holds his emotional inspiration. Where the peasant of a self-contained state of the old days found all his activities comprehended within the national framework, more and more modern citizens are linked for their livelihood with men living in other countries. If you represent an American film company, being a German, your economic grasp and interests lie outside the economy of the fatherland. If States think, with reason, that they cannot afford to stay in sovereign isolation while these new economic masses, to use Mr. Romier's term, are being built up, regardless of national boundaries, it is also true that in each country an increasing number of citizens cannot afford to have national governments, with uncertain and shifting policies, in a position to disorganize the new economic fatherlands—for that is what a vast and world-wide modern industry like the American film industry has become—of which they have become a part and in whose economic life they find their own economic living.

There is a clear advantage for the cause of European peace in the disassociation of economic structure from nationalism, but the threat to European civilization is a serious one. It has always been the chief task of statesmanship to preserve national life and to restrain economic tendencies, or to endeavour to do so, if they threaten the distinctive character of the national life. England has been alone among the great Powers in refusing to make any economic sacrifice to keep agriculture flourishing. The stability, the physical strength, the material security, which comes from having a high proportion of the population on the land, have secured such obvious goods to European

statesmen as to call for special action to maintain agriculture. The family, as the unit of which a strong nation is built, flourishes best on the land. But non-economic considerations play no part in the policies of the great wealth-producing corporations. They are not interested in the family, but only in the individual, and only in him as an instrument of production. They will make sacrifices to improve his efficiency, but for their purposes the most efficient individual is the one without roots in any particular spot and without ties that interfere with his mobilization and transference. The state of affairs which would suit them best would be one in which family ties and local associations were very weak and labour very much more fluid than in fact it is. Their problem is something entirely different from the problem of the statesmen. In Central Europe at the present time the statesmen of half a dozen agricultural states are being driven into close consultation how to preserve and stabilize their home markets for their own produce. Apart from the minor inconvenience they can cause each other by such practices as dumping, all are faced with the same disparity between their own scale and methods and the scale and methods of the outside world. America and Russia are organized on a much vaster scale than Europe, to which they now look as a populous foreign market. If the European countries are to share in the non-European trade of the world, if they are to hold their own in Europe itself, they, too, will have to follow the trend towards large-scale activities. The collection of national governments, each with its army, resting on people who are for the most part farmers or peasants, makes a striking pattern out of the map of Europe since 1919. It is plainly uneconomic as a method of organization, and the impatience of American business men, entangled in local formalities, when they endeavour to organize industries, is easy to understand. But economics is only a part of human life, and these clumsy and expensive little governments embody the idea of nationalism. That, too, is not the whole of life, though it has been fashionable to treat it as though it was. But with all its excesses, and all the menace it may

contain, the modern state stands for the protection of other than economic values. The European states face a world in which, to east and west, two vast continental areas, America and Russia, are producing civilizations alien to the European tradition. The deeper implications of the impact of America and Russia are the subject of a striking volume by an American, Mr. John Gould Fletcher, entitled *Europe's Two Frontiers*. Mr. Fletcher traces out, with a wealth of learning, the profound differences between Europe on the one hand and America and Russia on the other, and the many resemblances exemplified in literature and art, as well as in fields more cognate to statesmanship, which America and Russia show. In a similar vein Count Keyserling closed the most important of his books, that on Europe, with a declaration that the principles of individuality for which Europe stood will only survive in as far as Europe proves strong enough to resist the influence of America and Asia. The statesmen who read Mr. Briand's memorandum and frame answers to it do not conceive the problem in these general terms. Many of them do not desire to preserve European agriculture, European ideas of the family, or European religion. But their work forces them to a daily realization how little national governments can do by themselves. They are, and they know it, local authorities. It is often observed that the old type of diplomat has had to give way to a new type who will understand and watch the currents of trade. The chief preoccupation of foreign offices is still to watch the strains and stresses of the arrangements of Versailles. But side by side with this there is a growing realization that Europe may preserve formal peace and yet find that in every country new forces and new ideas, from America and from Russia, have acted as a solvent of nationalism and have stolen away the strength of state governments. Any such organization as Mr. Briand envisages, which would enable the countries of Europe to act as a unit in the face of the outside world, and to defend itself from violent economic changes, whether from Russia or from America, from organized labour or from organized capital, would in defending nationalism

act as a deterrent to the practices of extreme nationalism which have made many people so conscious of the evils to which sovereign statehood has led, that they welcome anything that limits the power of elected persons. The success of schemes for bringing about a measure of European unity depends in part upon the assiduous propaganda of the devoted exponents—Count Coudenhove Kalerdi is the chief—of the idea. But it depends even more upon the pressure and sense of peril felt by those who conduct the business of states. There is great uneasiness to-day, and although part of the lip-service which is paid to joint action is due to a desire not to be left out of anything which may be brought to birth, the conviction is at length widespread that Europe, after leading the world for so long, is now on the defensive, and that, if talk of unity of command is still premature there is already a proved need for envisaging the essential common interests of the continent and for building up, either inside the League machinery or by the side of it, institutions to enable common action to replace a sporadic and selfish nationalism as the answer of Europe to the new economic and cultural challenges which are coming with increasing force from the West and the East.

DOUGLAS WOODRUFF.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of the DUBLIN REVIEW

Meudon,
10, Rue du Parc,
20 octobre, 1930.

Cher Monsieur et Ami,

Ayant pris, grâce à notre ami Charles du Bos, une connaissance plus approfondie de l'article de M. Montgomery Belion, je conclus que décidément nos points de vue sont trop différents pour qu'un dialogue utile puisse s'engager entre nous. Mon honorable critique a analysé le texte d'*Art et Scolastique* avec une patience et un soin que j'admire ; l'esprit de ce livre a eu le malheur de lui échapper. M. Montgomery Belion semble persuadé qu'un disciple des scolastiques se doit et leur doit de *répéter* seulement ce qu'ils ont déjà écrit. Ma conception est différente, et mon dessein avoué était d'aller un peu plus loin que les scolastiques médiévaux tout en m'appuyant sur leurs principes. Mais tout ce qui bouge semble offenser M. Montgomery Belion. Comme la Beauté chantée par ce poète qu'il s'étonne si joliment de voir nommer après Aristote, Plotin, Denys, etc., et dont la citation p. 51-2 a commencé de précipiter mon livre dans les abîmes du romantisme,

Il hait le mouvement qui déplace les lignes.

Ce n'est certainement pas à lui que quelqu'un reprochera de "shift his ground". Pour moi, que beaucoup d'esprits légers accusent d'accorder trop au moyen âge, ce m'est une consolation d'être accusé par un esprit grave d'accorder trop aux modernes.

Après cela y aurait-il quelque utilité à expliquer que si M. Montgomery Belion s'était fait une idée exacte de ce qu'est, d'après moi, la beauté, et de ce que j'ai voulu dire en parlant du caractère *analogique* de celle-ci, il ne s'étonnerait pas qu'à mes yeux il y ait pour la beauté, dans l'art comme dans la nature, des manières fort différentes de se réaliser, et comprendrait que les valeurs religieuses elles-mêmes inhérentes aux tragédies d'Eschyle ou aux Passions de Bach sont précisément pour moi des parties intégrantes de la beauté propre de ces oeuvres-là ? et que l'intuition qui procure la joie esthétique est bien humaine, nullement angélique, puisqu'elle vient à l'esprit par le moyen des sens ?

Il me faudrait encore expliquer que je n'ai pas soutenu que les beaux-arts étaient ordonnés *exclusivement* à la beauté et que les autres arts ne faisaient rien de beau, (j'ai même dit le contraire, en remarquant, comme M. Montgomery Belion l'a d'ailleurs

noté, que cette division reste une division "accidentelle".) Je pense toutefois que ce qui distingue les beaux-arts des autres arts, ce n'est pas seulement la situation sociale de l'artiste qui les pratique, c'est avant tout que dans ces arts l'élément spirituel introduit par le contact avec la beauté devient prépondérant. Je suis du reste persuadé qu'un approfondissement subjectif de la nature de l'art a eu lieu progressivement au cours des temps modernes (c'est ce que j'ai essayé d'indiquer dans mon livre, pp. 104-105 de la traduction anglaise de Mr. J. F. Scanlan, que je remercie en passant). Il m'est difficile de ne pas regarder comme un trait d'une certaine rudesse de moeurs la conviction que la destinée de l'artiste consiste, comme on le croyait au XVII^{ème} siècle, à divertir les honnêtes gens.

Si cet approfondissement a été ressenti par le romantisme sous les espèces d'une déification de l'artiste et des passions, ce n'est pas la première fois que quelque chose de vrai est véhiculé et déformé par une hérésie. Au surplus je tiens pour périmée la dispute du classique et du romantique. Avouerai-je que devant certains défenseurs des éternels principes classiques je trouve au romantisme des charmes enivrants? Que T. S. Eliot me pardonne, pour qui j'ai tant d'admiration et d'amitié. Il sait bien d'ailleurs que ce n'est pas à lui que je pense ici.

Mais tout cela, cher Monsieur et ami, est plutôt fastidieux, et il y aurait d'autant moins d'avantage à le développer en un article de revue que, manifestement le siège de M. Montgomery Belgion est fait, et qu'il paraît vain d'espérer qu'il change un jour de position. De cette lettre cependant faites ce que vous voudrez. Si vous estimez qu'elle a quelque chance d'intéresser vos lecteurs, je vous autorise volontiers à la publier.

Veuillez agréer, cher Monsieur et ami, l'expression de ma cordiale sympathie.

JACQUES MARITAIN.

To the Editor of the DUBLIN REVIEW

Savile Club, W.I.

SIR,—I did not, in my article, reproach Mr. Maritain with having gone *un peu plus loin* than the Schoolmen. I protested against his calling his *un peu plus loin* Scholasticism. It seemed to me, and still seems, confusing that labels should be misleading.

His letter, moreover, must not convince anyone that the "spirit" of *Art et Scolastique* has passed me by. Of course, it is not what St. Thomas said, or did not say, that matters here

but what is. And if I put a question mark against Mr. Maritain's theory of art, he is no more correct in alleging, wittily though he does so, that I am opposed to all change, than Mr. Thibaudet was correct when, in order to dispose of *La Trahison des Clercs*, he declared that the Byzantine Mr. Benda was an Eleatic.

The point at issue is really this. Can St. Thomas's doctrine of analogy, although never so applied by him, yet be applied in the way Mr. Maritain applies it to beauty in fine art? In other words, when, for instance, Mr. Maritain stands in St. Peter's and looks up and around, and *feels* that he is having a "spiritual" revelation, is his feeling to be trusted? Against immediately and completely trusting such feelings in general, there stands the whole experience of mankind. In Mr. Maritain's case, in particular, they are doubly dubious, for, as all his writings show—the reference above to *des charmes enivrants* in such a context is only the latest sign of it—he is a rapture-intoxicated man.

Accordingly, we are led to suppose that what happens to him is not a revelation at all, but a desire, itself emotional, to intensify his æsthetic emotion, so that he *calls* that emotion "spiritual".

We are the more justified in supposing this, that we must also believe it could never have occurred to him, or to anyone, thus to degrade the word "spiritual", had it not been for the attempted "deification of the artist" he condemns. For the *approfondissement subjectif de la nature de l'art*, of which he is convinced, was inspired in the spectator by the Romantic artist. Supreme masterpieces of art had existed for centuries, and had suffered no lack of appreciation, but until the artist, finding his opportunity in the turning away from orthodox religious belief in the late eighteenth century, thrust himself forward as a priest, or at least as a medicine-man, nobody ever claimed that, in the presence of the work of art, he was having a "spiritual" revelation. What had happened? The spectator had not suddenly developed a greater sensibility or a deeper prescience. No; as may be seen from *Art et Scolastique* itself, he had simply been shown *by the artist* a new way of enjoying art. The artist's pose as priest necessitated his work's being viewed as, and so he told the spectator that it was, a revelation.

It remains that there is really only one kind of priest, and he is dedicated solely to the direct service, not of art, but of God.

Yours, etc.,

MONTGOMERY BELGION.

SOME RECENT BOOKS

DEATH, or life ?—that is the final issue for men's works, as well as for themselves. The most radical division in the world of literature is between the living and the dead. And the more learned a writing the more likely its life to be quenched or repressed by a mass of unvitalized matter. The more welcome then an author whose work is alive in every word, whose learning is never a dead mass, but always informed by the vital principle, of a soul, at once alert intelligence, active will, and sensitive feeling. Such is Professor Karl Adam, and the readers of the two essays here translated: **Christ and the Western Mind** and **Love and Belief** (Sheed & Ward), will find themselves in intimate personal contact with a spirit utterly alive.

The former essay deals with the inter-relationship between Western Europe and Christianity, the latter with the organic inter-dependence between love and faith which solves conclusively the difficulties raised by their divorce. The Catholic for whom orthodoxy is the laying up of a number of unused dogmas like a miser's hoard, and the "Liberal" who would reduce religion to ethical conduct, and whose catchword is "he can't be wrong whose life is in the right", are alike confuted. And for that still very large class of Englishmen to whom the Catholic religion means just an external cult, candle-lighting, incense-burning, vestments and genuflexions, Professor Adam's book should be an "eye-opener" indeed—though we fear they won't read it.

Even the development of a pre-existent deposit of faith involves the acquisition of "new truths". Professor Adam's denial of this (p. 14) amounts logically to the denial that any truth can be deductively learned. The author has much to say of the Hellenic Roman and Teutonic (why translate "Germanic" ?) factors in Western civilization. But what of the Celts ? He claims too much for the Teuton. The mediæval Roman empire was in aim and inspiration Roman, not Teutonic (p. 20). And why the theology of the "*Spanish*" Molina should be called a typically Germanic (Teutonic) product (p. 2) we cannot

conceive. If the "Catechism" was Teutonic in origin (p. 24), it was also Protestant. There seems to be an unjustifiable confusion (pp. 24-5) between the "cosmic" pantheism of the modern West and the "acosmic" pantheism of India—though German philosophy, which contains, we think, a distinctively oriental element, is a bridge between the two. The contrast drawn so eloquently (p. 38), between the ever-abiding papacy and secular institutions (the products of time), needs considerably more historical elaboration to carry the weight of Professor Adam's conclusion. As an historical fact it has not yet lasted so long as the Japanese empire. The evils of poverty are at least no greater than they were in the Middle Ages (p. 48). That they are more bitterly resented by their victims is due to the spread of education and democratic ideals. The argument on page 63 is overstated. Even apart from belief in God, many would, other things being equal, have more value than one, a genius should be preferred to a fool, a good man to a rogue.

Were we not so accustomed to it, we should be overwhelmed with astonishment at the amazing audacity with which the average non-Catholic thinks himself qualified on the strength of some hostile pleading, irrelevant detail, or untested prejudice to pronounce judgment on the most complex and profound religion in the world. Those, on the contrary, who know Catholicism best, who have spent long years within the Church and have seriously studied their religion, realize how little they know, how much more remains to be known. Horizon opens on horizon, depth succeeds depth—the width of humanity, the profundity of God. Nowhere, we would almost venture to say, is so penetrating a glance into the depths, so wide a view of the distances that the Catholic religion contains, presented in so short a compass as in Father Lippert's wonderful little book now translated into English, **The Essence of the Catholic**, Father Peter Lippert, S.J. (Burns, Oates & Washbourne). Three short lectures and the Catholic reader who considered himself best acquainted with his religion is left with a sense of wonder, almost

of bewilderment, at the vistas opened before him, where he thought everything mapped out and neatly demarcated.

Of course, as Father Lippert hastens to point out, the Catholic here depicted has never existed, cannot exist in flesh and blood. No man—not even the greatest saint—can by himself realize the possibilities of his religion. He must inevitably specialize, and to specialize is to select. But from and in what a whole?

Lightning strokes sketch the outlines of this total Catholicism. To summarize so compressed a work would be to reproduce it—the reviewer can but raise a few points and urge his readers to procure Father Lippert's masterpiece. The objectivity of the faith is first emphasized—that the Catholic is essentially one who believes in external fact. At first sight this may seem to labour the obvious—and impertinently too. Do not all men believe in hard fact independent of their desires? A study of the trend of modern thought since the sixteenth century, proves that, at least in the spiritual sphere, the belief in objective truth has been seriously undermined. Man is consciously or unconsciously made the measure of spiritual reality.

The union of certainty and obscurity is another feature of Catholicism that Father Lippert stresses, the "intrinsic tensions and contrasts" which make the Catholic religion at once living and difficult. There is the antinomy of law and liberty, of attachment and detachment, suffering and joy, more fundamentally of depth and breadth—never perfectly soluble—yet never suppressed by the denial of either factor.

Here and there are points where we are not quite satisfied. In particular, we cannot believe that "nothing in reality is lost, nothing wasted, no part destroys or negatives another"—that "at the most nothingness may be lost". This over-optimism, shown also by the statement that God could, if He would, take away all suffering, neglects the negative factor in created being on which Father Lippert's English colleague, Father Rickaby, has insisted so usefully—and which, as he shows (*In an Indian Abbey*), implies defect and evil, so

that God could not abolish these entirely, any more than He could make a square circle or two and two, five. The antithesis between beauty and ugliness is, we think, quite as real as that between good and evil. The three ultimate aspects of God—beauty, truth, goodness—are like the Persons of the Trinity, co-equal—"none" of them "before or after another". And if the dogma of the Church has affirmed the honour of sex, Catholic spirituality in the past—under the malign influence of the apocryphal writings—has too often belittled, almost attacked it.

Though we do not believe that any other of the great world-religions approaches the comprehensiveness and adequacy of Catholicism, they could not have won and held for millenniums the allegiance of so many millions, or have produced the cultural achievements with which they must be credited, unless, for all their error and limitation, they contained a fund of spiritual truth not to be apprehended by the casual glance. Nor can we expect their language to be easily intelligible to the outsider. And this will be particularly the case with a religion which, like the Indian religions, does, at least not certainly or obviously, owe anything to Judaism or Christianity. It is therefore only tentatively and with great hesitation that we would venture to speak of the great classic, the Bible of Mahayana Buddhism, **The Lotus of the Wonderful Law**—the substance of which has been translated from the Chinese version by Professor Soothill (The Clarendon Press, 1930). But we believe that however difficult its interpretation, it is sufficient disproof of the common appeal to Buddhism as a religion without God or soul. It would indeed seem that Buddha's original teaching had no room for either, that it was therefore rather the negative propædæutic of religion, the denial of the merely natural world and its values, as satisfactory of man's need, than itself a religion; in short, what Solovieff has aptly termed it, a negative revelation. But in the *Lotus* we witness the religious need and perception of humanity building up, within and upon the negative doctrine of Gotama, a positive religion in which redemption is not simply

from nature, but to a supernatural reality. Conceptually it would seem the antinomy remains. The supernatural Buddhas are still many, not one; their life of glory, which all living creatures are ultimately called to share, only quasi-eternal. Behind and beyond is an absolute—certainly infra-personal—and at least hard to distinguish from nonentity—a Nirvana which is still apparently extinction. But the fact that these are thrust into an indefinitely remote background—that the practical goal of religion is the all but endless life of Buddhahood—a life of supernatural contemplation and love—is a massive witness to the inextinguishable truth of positive religion as communion with a personal God—thus asserting itself in the very teeth of contrary dogma. Prayer also and free grace, giving what man cannot achieve, have here replaced the salvation by personal effort and knowledge which Buddha taught his disciples. That the ultimate negativity is not overcome—that a dualism between a negative or quasi-negative absolute and a positive quasi-absolute—divine for practice only, not for thought—still remains is the tragedy and, we believe, the doom of Buddhism. That it exists for speculation rather than for living religion has enabled countless souls to find in Buddhism the God they cannot intellectually affirm. Later, we believe, further steps were taken in the direction of at least an acosmic pantheism of the Vedentic type—even here and there of theism. But a theism of religious faith, as opposed to speculation, is already in the *Lotus*. True there are, it would appear, many Buddhas—but when we consider the spirit rather than the letter of the book—we cannot but feel that, after all, they are practically if not theoretically one—the Saviour-Deity of boundless love and compassion. For Professor Soothill, indeed, the dualism is even intellectually transcended. As he understands it, the *Lotus* merges and deifies the Buddhas as one everlasting, Sakyamuni, “the Eternal One—Omniscient, Omnipotent, Omnipresent” (p. 13). Professor Vallée Poussin, on the other hand, does not think that the Sakyamuni of the *Lotus* is the sole Buddha or eternal—that is, he cannot be called God. If the latter view is

correct, and it seems to the present reviewer the more likely interpretation of the text as Professor Soothill here translates it, it remains true that the intention, the religious intuition of the writer is theistic, if not his speculative theology. The religion of the *Lotus*—the religion, be it remembered, of the book which is the fundamental scripture of the entire body of northern Buddhists, is thus the self-assertion of theism against atheism, of religion against a negative philosophy. Whether, as Professor Soothill thinks possible, Christian influences had any share in this transformation of Buddhism which took place about the Christian era, or whether it is due solely to Hindu influences, as Professor Poussin holds, is perhaps an insoluble question. If Christianity played any part in the matter, it was surely Gnosticism rather than the orthodox faith. We cannot share Professor Soothill's enthusiasm for the *Lotus* as literature—the endless phantasmagoria of pantomime transformation-scenes which stage the Buddha's teaching seem crude, barbaric, wearisome, and a distraction from the doctrinal theme of the book—a luxuriant jungle growth in which the path is almost lost. But we owe him a great debt for giving us in the manageable compass of his abridgement and in very pleasing English (the latter we should guess no light task) the Bible of "Northern Buddhism". The illustrations are charming.

"Real freedom from prejudice demands of the modern man that he take up the fight in the first place against 'the dark ages of enlightenment'. Just as in the eighteenth century they had to take the field against the 'intolerance of the Middle Ages', so to-day it is our duty to annihilate the platitudes and absurdities of a so-called 'age of reason'". This quotation, from an article in which Mr. Fülöp Miller explains his reasons for writing on the Jesuits, is the key to his fascinating book, **The Power and Secret of the Jesuits** (Putnams). It is a remarkable achievement—living in every line—dramatic, romantic—journalism perhaps, but journalism of genius. And it rests on a basis of extensive study impartially conducted.

As we might expect, even the author's extensive re-

searches cannot make an outsider fully conversant with Catholic theology. Doctrines, *e.g.*, the importance of intention, are ascribed to the Jesuits which have always been commonplaces of Catholic morals; the infused contemplation of mystical theology is opposed to the Jesuit belief in the power of free will, when at most there is but a difference of emphasis—a common fault of the historic artist in search of antithesis, the Jesuits are supposed to have abandoned physical penance—the author has evidently never come across the life of the late Father Doyle—and what is more surprising, the Immaculate Conception is confused with the Virgin conception of Our Lord. And there are minor inaccuracies—some rather quaint, *e.g.*, that the C.E.G. lectures on the Exercises! But the Catholic reader will not go to Mr. Miller for instruction on Catholic theology, and the non-Catholic, if here and there misled, will be more than compensated by seeing for the first time perhaps what the Jesuits really are and have accomplished. True—their conduct and doctrines are criticized, but as the criticism substantially amounts to a condemnation of Catholic objectivism, as compared with the relativity and subjectivism of German idealistic philosophy, the criticism will seem to many further praise. That St. Ignatius is not depicted as a saint from the outset—rather at the beginning a gallant recking little of Christian ethics, if they crossed his pleasures—and indeed, during the first period after his conversion, still largely a fanatic—may offend those whose hagiographic ideal is the pseudo-Aloysius of the Church furnisher. But his true greatness, we may say the work of the Holy Spirit in his soul, is brought thus into stronger relief, and we may also remark that, when his activities were as yet crude and ill-balanced, he was to say the least discouraged by ecclesiastical authority, and only when he had achieved or been led to the perfect balance and self-forgetting service of his final period, was he fully approved. Of all the chapters perhaps the most interesting are the account of the Chinese Mission and the Jesuit Republic of Paraguay—"The Jesuits' Musical Kingdom", as Mr. Miller well calls it, for it

was literally built to music. Why is the story so little known even to Catholics? A state containing all that is good in Communism with a sufficiency of private ownership to safeguard individual personality—self-government united with skilled guidance—Plato's Republic realized in a Christian form—an ideal relationship between the white man and the native assisted not exploited—the arts—music, drawing, acting, skilled handicraft woven into the very tissue of the social order—all this the work of the Jesuits. If he had done no more than revive this forgotten history, Mr. Miller would have put us deeply in his debt. Here the account seems telescoped—what was actually a development being presented as simultaneous—Indian self-government can hardly have coexisted with their complete incapacity to provide for the future described a few pages earlier—but the substantial truth of this account is amply guaranteed.

Nor is the book a disconnected series of episodes. Like all works of art it is built up around an idea. That idea I take to be the antithesis between Jesuitism and Bolshevism. However accidental the occasion of writing on the Jesuits—a hasty *obiter dictum* in his *Mind and Face of Bolshevism*—one feels that their attraction for Mr. Fülöp Miller lay there. In St. Ignatius he sees a man of relentless volition harnessed to the service of “a few ideas” (to quote Laynez)—in Lenin, a man of equally relentless and powerful will harnessed to a few ideas diametrically opposite (pp. 29-30). It is an interesting parallel—and not unconvincing. Human will in the service of God—human will deified as its own end—a society ensouled by religion and therefore safeguarding the human personality—a society rejecting religion and thus a machine destructive of personality—The Christian Communism of Paraguay—the atheistic communism of Russia—Lenin the realist without a spiritual ideal—Gandhi the idealist ineffective for lack of realism—Ignatius, in his final stage the idealist, who is also a realist—one end—the glory and kingdom of God—a boundless adaptability of lawful means—the Jesuits—one end—the material welfare and kingdom of man, the

exclusively natural man—adaptability that will employ any means whatsoever—Bolshevism—such is the dramatic contrast which expressed here and there underlies and inspires this book. If it is no history claiming a certain finality and reliable in every detail—it is a brilliant picture substantially true and calculated to bring home to its readers the greatness and nobility, to say the least, of the Society of Jesus.

A valuable survey of the ethical and religious teachings of the great world-religions and their founders, and much cogent and persuasively-stated argument in favour of Christianity, are to be found in Bishop Gore's Gifford Lectures, published under the title *The Philosophy of the Good Life* (John Murray). Catholics will, of course, not expect from an Anglican agreement with all the positions of Catholic theology, but may perhaps wish to put one question to the lecturer. "Jesus Christ," we read, "proposed, it appeared, to inspire His Church (in a most realistic sense) with His Spirit; and to leave it to the Church to deal with issues as they should arise with the assistance of His Divine Paraclete, the agent or representative of God. . . . He appointed officers of whom Peter was the chief, and He gave them authority . . . to 'bind' and 'loose', that is, to legislate by prohibition or permission, and to absolve or retain sins, that is, to exercise discipline over individuals; and He described such a ministry as a permanent feature in His household till He should 'come again'." If this be the case, how could that Church so lose the assistance of the Spirit, as to become a source of error, and how could the legislative hierarchy then founded lose the authority bestowed upon it? By his very position as an Anglican Bishop Gore declares the Catholic Church in error on a matter of fundamental importance, namely: the very nature of the Church herself, and rejects her legislation. Yet he holds her for at least a part of the Church founded by Jesus Christ.

The author over-stresses the ethical aspect of religion until, at times, he appears to degrade religion, in the Deist, liberal-Protestant tradition, to a divine policeman-ship. The mysticism, in which religion as such and

distinct from ethics, is seen in its purest and most intense form, is for him, at least suspect, and he is therefore incapable of doing justice to the religion of India. Predestination seems to be denied altogether in favour of the metaphysically impossible conception that human free will involves a "self-limitation" of God. E. WATKIN.

A Monument to St. Augustine (Sheed & Ward) which has now been before the public for some little time, certainly fulfils the promise contained in the names of its ten contributors. What seems specially remarkable is that no one of them, in any single respect, contradicts or obstructs the view of the subject set before us by any of the others. All are perfectly harmonious; though the contribution of each is clear-cut, individual and characteristic, the result is a complete unity of impression, which has the effect of the work of a single mind. St. Augustine is thus portrayed as Saint, Doctor, and man, in a way which may be called stereoscopic—we see him, as it were, "in the round", with every feature of his thought, character, and circumstances standing out in high relief.

Mr. Christopher Dawson's essay on St. Augustine and his Age is a masterly account of the condition of the Empire of which St. Augustine was, in some sense, the product, and of his relation to it. The signs of the time were such as in the present-day are only too familiar to us, and the forces of disintegration were already producing their effects. It was a dying age; an interval between the living past and the unborn future of which, Mr. Dawson reminds us, far too little notice has been taken by historians. In the decay of the Roman State, and possibly in some degree because of it, there came to the Saint his great vision of the City of God—a city "not made with hands", and not of this world, and which, though its realization here was and is impossible, nevertheless, had and still has its representation and influence in worldly politics and society. It did not indeed contradict or set aside the older and narrower view, which is true for all time, but recognized and accounted for the strange fact of the constant

interpretation of good and evil in all worldly affairs. It was the ideal state which was to supersede the imaginary Republic of an earlier day, the true spiritual order which had been foreshadowed in the Plotinian concept of the world of intelligibles, and which has its representative and organ in the Church. Thus history in St. Augustine's view is the working out in time—which for him, as for modern science, has no objective reality—of a divine plan, which in the appointed time will reach finality. The Church is the "Society of Christ", in which alone grace is to be found, and the corrupted human will is to be restored to act under the law of love. So the Church is the new humanity in process of formation, and is the most perfect society which this world can know. By the regeneration of the human will, on which all social as well as individual life depends, the Church discharges its supernatural function of leavening and preserving human society, and thus, Mr. Dawson says, "the Western ideals of freedom and progress and social justice owe more than we realize to the profound thought of the great African who was himself indifferent to secular progress and to the transitory fortunes of the earthly State."

The essay on St. Augustine's Life and Character, by Father Martindale, S.J., treats its subject with a light touch. The conversions of the Saint and the different views that have been taken of it, the influence of Monica on his character, and his mental struggles to free himself from moral and intellectual obstructions are rapidly sketched, and the eager and fiery African temperament, dominated as it was by his Latin education, is emphasized. That temperament, Father Martindale says, though tamed and harnessed, remained with him for life. "I do not believe that you could guess the aged Augustine without remembering his youth."

Father John Baptist Reeves, O.P., deals with the relation of St. Augustine to Humanism. This essay has a special value at the present moment, when the provinces of theology, natural science, and philosophy are in closer contact than they have been for at least four centuries, and when their respective boundaries seem to many to

be very imperfectly demarcated. St. Augustine's summary of the situation in his day is equally, or even more, appropriate to our own. "Natural science, left to itself, has failed to hold its own. The extravagant debates of philosophy have left it empty; its teaching is only half perfect. Let us observe, then, how perfect is the teaching of Sacred Scripture." Though most of the early Fathers had been formed largely by classical culture, there was yet an early Puritanism which looked with suspicion on everything which had belonged to paganism, or was not directly concerned with religion. It is perhaps somewhat anachromatic, though etymologically justifiable, to call St. Augustine "the first Scholastic". But he was the first to perceive and boldly state the value of the old learning as a propædætic to the study of theology, and in theory and in practice to lay down the principle that in every age whatever is good in every kind belongs of right to Christ and His Church. There were difficulties in St. Augustine's time in the way of a precise application of this principle, and such difficulties must no doubt arise in every successive phase of human progress. But its truth is firmly established and fairly recognized; and to Augustine, more than any other individual, the fact that it is so is due.

The rest of the book is concerned mainly with St. Augustine's philosophy, considered in itself and from different points of view. Father D'Arcy, S.J., analyzes it in detail, in an acute and closely reasoned essay. Mr. Maritain compares it with the philosophy of St. Thomas. Mr. Roland-Gosselin treats of St. Augustine's System of Morals, and the characteristic road by which he arrives at the conception of a supernatural and finally authoritative moral order. Father Eric Przywara, S.J., takes for his subject St. Augustine and the Modern World, in the condition in which it has been left by Cartesianism and Ontologism, Kantianism, Hegelianism, and Pessimism, and finds St. Augustine's representation to-day in Newman. Mr. Etienne Gilson asks what, if any, will be the future of the Augustinian philosophy? and the answer he finds is that, whereas Augustinianism, as a philosophy (though never, of course, St. Augustine

himself) has been to a great extent discredited by the assumption that it is the true parent of Cartesianism and Ontologism, a reasoned perception of the genuine Augustinianism will find in it a power of assimilation and creation which belong to it in virtue of its essential characteristic as a psychological realism, and which can enter into fruitful combination with Thomism, to the great advantage of the thought of to-day. That Augustinianism has such powers is the contention of Mr. Blondel's essay on the "Latent Resources in St. Augustine's Thought." St. Augustine, he holds, has been wrongly set in opposition to St. Thomas by reason of the unsystematic character of his thought, as contrasted with the scientific and logically compelling method of Thomism. But the truth is, Mr. Blondel considers, that St. Augustine, though his system lacks the completeness and finality of St. Thomas', grasps in the concrete the whole nature of man, and with it the reality of truth, and of God as the foundation of truth; and that, so far from being a confession of philosophy and theology, Augustinianism is the one truly Catholic philosophy, and also the fully human one. Mr. Blondel's defence of the Augustinian doctrine of free will, which, since the time of Jansenius, has been the subject of so much criticism, is particularly interesting.

From these complementary views of different aspects of Augustinianism, it seems to follow that, as a philosophy, it has much to commend it to the thought of the present day, in which specialization and consequent abstraction have gone so far and led to so many triumphs, with the promise of still greater ones in the future. But it remains true that to abstract is necessarily in some degree to falsify: a man, or a world, is much more than the sum of his parts. In philosophy, as in medicine, the laboratory and the clinic, the abstract and the concrete are interdependent, and the full truth results from the combination of the two methods. St. Augustine's philosophy starts, not from any of the parts, or the faculties, of man, but from man himself, together with all that goes to make him what he is. Not the mind only, or the senses, or the

thoughts proceeding from their co-operation, but the man, his affections, his hopes and fears and the relations with his fellow-men which make his life possible, are the basis of Augustinianism : it appeals strictly to the heart no less than to the intellect. It is indeed, as St. Thomas insists, the intellect which makes the human being distinctively man : but to isolate it from its concomitants and surroundings (which indeed St. Thomas never does) would be to obscure and distort its nature. Thus St. Augustine has much to say to the ordinary unphilosophical man, whose heart plays at least as large a part in his life as his head. St. Augustine says : "*Trahit sua quemque voluptas*"; man is restlessly searching for God, and finds Him only by the right direction of his whole being.

But the highest and most intense phase of this quest, together with its partial attainment in this life, is what is commonly called Mysticism. Was St. Augustine then a Mystic ? This question is considered in the essay, which comes third in the book, on St. Augustine's Mysticism, by Mr. E. I. Watkin. His conclusion seems eminently just ; it is to the effect that, though we certainly have no specific account of any mystical experience in any of St. Augustine's writings, they contain frequent references, both autobiographical and expository, to a kind of contact with God, or sense of the divine presence, which can hardly be explained otherwise than as some degree of supernatural prayer, or infused contemplation—"a strange sweetness, in which, if it were perfected in me, I know not what would belong to the life to come". Mr. Watkin rightly distinguishes between the intellectual apprehension of first principles, and the spiritual consciousness of God which is the essence of true supernatural contemplation. Platonism had more or less confused the two, and St. Augustine was still Platonist enough to be affected by the confusion. But this may have been no more than a matter of words. Plotinus, in his vivid description of the union of the soul with the One, explicitly says that, in that union, the soul even despises thought, which at other times is its delight ; and St. Augustine, in such passages as

the above, may well be interpreted in the same sense. Nevertheless, it must be remembered that mystical experience is not identical with sanctity of life, nor can the presence of either be safely inferred from that of the other; and there is certainly a tendency in the enthusiasm of the newly converted to express itself in language strongly resembling that in which the great mystics have attempted to describe their experiences. The fact is, of course, that such experience cannot be truly described; as St. Thomas has made clear, the words necessary for that purpose do not and cannot exist. The later mystics have, indeed, under strong pressure and unwillingly for the most part, made this attempt, and a certain likeness among them can be perceived from which a kind of scheme of mystical states has been deduced. St. Augustine had no knowledge of any such formula, and it would no doubt have been contrary to the synthetic and comprehensive tendency of his mind to have constructed one. Nor, again, may we take any such ready-made scheme and apply it as a test to what we are told about these innermost secrets of any man's soul. God's private communications to His chosen friends must surely be free, and capable of infinite adaptation and variety. St. Thomas, it may be remembered, virtually distinguishes merely natural contemplation from the higher kind which is under immediate divine influence, and that again, quite clearly, from rapture, or trance, in which the union of the soul with God is perfected, so far as it may be, consistently with the continuance of the bodily life on earth. From what St. Augustine tells us of his own inner life, it appears quite possible, and even probable, that he may have had all three kinds of experience. But the information he gives us is not precise enough to enable us to recognize any one of them with entire certainty.

A. B. SHARPE.

It is probably true to say that no theological work issued since the Vatican Council has attracted so much attention as the *Mysterium Fidei* of P. Maurice de la Taille. The immense learning displayed, the new light

thrown on familiar truths, the dialectical skill in argument, and the deeply religious spirit of the whole work, were universally acknowledged. The profound interest aroused is evidenced by the discussions to which the book gave rise, which still continue, and as yet show little sign of abating. Bishops even have judged it timely to issue pastorals on the doctrine there treated—Cardinal Charost warmly supporting P. de la Taille's theory, the Bishop of Clifton rejecting it. The volume under review, **The Mystery of Faith and Human Opinion Contrasted and Defined** (Sheed & Ward, 1930, pp. xii—431, 15s.), is a collection of articles explanatory and controversial, written by the author on various occasions since the publication of his *magnum opus*. The collection and the translation, where this was necessary, is the work of the Very Rev. J. J. Schimpf, S.J., Rector of St. Joseph's, Mobile, Alabama, U.S.A. The book consists of two parts. Part I is a translation of papers which appeared in book form in French under the title *Esquisse du Mystère de Foi suivie de quelques éclaircissements* (Paris, 1922): to these has been added a valuable chapter on the Real Presence and its Sacramental Function. Part II is almost entirely controversial. It contains a series of articles contributed to various periodicals in reply to critics. Here we have P. de la Taille's answers to Dr. Arthur Ryan (Maynooth), Father V. McNabb, O.P.; Father Swaby, O.P.; the late Abbot Ford and the Bishop of Clifton.

The *Esquisse*, which here appears under the title, "An Outline of the Mystery of Faith", was written for those who are not sufficiently familiar with Latin to avail themselves of the *Mysterium Fidei*. But it may safely be said that even those who have studied the Latin volume will profit by reading this brief resumé of its teaching. None can do so without gaining a fuller realization of the meaning of the Eucharistic sacrifice, in which are summed up the Mysteries of the Redemption, and through which the Divine Head of the Church communicates life to every member of His Church. After this the most important of the papers is one on Mass-Offerings. Here the author, with great wealth of

learning, defends, and in our opinion, fully establishes his contention that the origin of Mass-stipends is historically to be looked for in the oblations in kind made by the faithful in the primitive Church. These furnished the material for the Eucharist, while the remainder, after being offered to God, provided the sustenance of the priest. The point is of some importance: since the other explanations commonly given by theologians seem to admit that there is direct exchange of a spiritual benefit for a temporal payment. The arguments usually advanced to distinguish this from Simony, will not, in P. de la Taille's opinion, endure a careful examination.

In Part II, as we have said, the author meets his critics. And it is of interest to observe that (with the exception of the Bishop of Clifton) these seem to have little to urge against what to many must appear the most important of his conclusions, viz.: that Christ, even in glory, remains eternally a Victim, and that the Mass is a sacrifice not in virtue of the mystical immolation effected by the double consecration, but because of the oblation of Christ in His state of Victim there made to God. On this point his views seem to have gained a large measure of assent. And when we consider the long controversy regarding the manner in which the essentials of sacrifice are present in the Mass, this is in itself a sufficient testimony to the importance of his contribution to Theology. The dispute centres on his theory of the relation between the Last Supper and the Cross. As all are aware, he maintains that sacrifice as such demands a ritual oblation: that the oblation required for the sacrifice of Calvary is to be found in the Eucharistic celebration at the Supper: and that thus the Supper and the Cross coalesce to form a single sacrifice in such wise that, apart from the oblation made in the Cenacle, the work of Calvary would have lacked the essentials of a sacrifice. Bishop Burton, Abbot Ford, Dr. Ryan, and Fathers McNabb and Swaby are at one in thinking this view to be mistaken: the two last mentioned expressing themselves with a severity of censure to which P. de la Taille not unnaturally took exception. That the opinion

is licit and may be defended in the Schools there can be little question. But this is not the same as to say that it is likely to find general acceptance. And though the defence offered by P. de la Taille in his replies is extremely able, we must frankly confess that it does not bring conviction to our minds. If the Supper really bore this relation to Calvary, it is difficult to conceive that the fact would not have been indicated in the Epistle to the Hebrews. Yet neither there, nor elsewhere in Scripture, are the two thus connected. Antiquity is no less silent: the passages cited in proof admit of another interpretation. The Tridentine decree, it can hardly be denied, points the other way. Indeed, the foundation of the theory, the principle that every sacrifice demands a liturgical oblation, seems open to question. It is true, doubtless, that such was the case with all the sacrifices of the Old Law. But these were liturgical sacrifices. The Cross was real, not liturgical: and it may well be that for it the real oblation of the will made any ritual oblation unnecessary.

J. JOYCE, S.J.

What is it that continues to attract non-Catholic England to the Carthusians? Is it the interest represented by notices in the sports columns of the daily press, from which we learn that Old Carthusians beat Merchant Taylors 5 points to nil, or that has given their erstwhile house in London a place in English literature at the hands of Thackeray? We cannot say. It was certainly something much more than either that led Miss E. Margaret Thompson to dedicate over five hundred pages to their memory and their doings in **The Carthusian Order in England** (S.P.C.K., 21s.). They are packed pages which all through give evidence of the author's zeal for her subject and of her competence to deal with it. She has left no stone unturned, has explored almost all the documentary sources available in her effort to discover what sort of men pre-Reformation English Carthusians were and what was the life they led. The resulting volume may take its place on the shelf alongside Gardiner and Gasquet without the faintest sense of being a poor relation; and while we congratulate

Miss Thompson on the conclusion of what has evidently been a long labour of love, the Church Historical Society is to be commended for sponsoring a publication which, in throwing light on a dark page of English history, cannot fail to help in the promotion of Christian knowledge. We are not prepared to say that the author has always correctly interpreted the rather recondite details of Carthusian observance, nor that her versions from the Latin are impeccable. The very abundance of her matter leads us to fear that not a few of her readers may fail to see the wood for the trees; that amid such a mass of detail of observance and inobservance, they may miss the central point of Carthusian life: a life of prayer in solitude. That would not be altogether Miss Thompson's fault, for such a life is hid with Christ in God and does not lend itself to human analysis and is barely explicable in words. The author attempts the task in her Epilogue, which is full of understanding, though be it said that no more than other wayfarers in this world do Carthusians look to reach the Beatific Vision here below. Even the clearest theophanies granted to men, as those to Moses and St. Paul, are but glimpses through a glass in a dark manner compared to the reality reserved for the next life: "No man shall see God and live". We may be permitted to regret that, like so many other English writers outside the Church, Miss Thompson uses the past tense of monks and their life. Blackfriars, Minories, Carmelite Street, Austin Friars, Charterhouse Square—these too many Englishmen take as no more than addresses in the Post Office Directory, not realizing that, in spite of Henry VIII and Thomas Cromwell, they stand once more for living realities in our midst in England to-day.

SEBASTIAN MACCABE.

Mr. C. G. Montefiore's **Rabbinic Literature and Gospel Teachings** (Macmillan & Co., 15s.) is in some sort a supplement to his own earlier work on the Synoptic Gospels. It is also in some measure a critical reply to portions of the *Kommentar zum neuen Testament aus Talmud und Midrasch*, by the Lutheran theologians, H. Strack and P. Billerbeck. Since the days of John

Lightfoot's *Horæ Hebraicæ et Talmudicæ*, Christian scholars have been ready to recognize the advantage of using the evidence of Jewish literature to illustrate the text of the New Testament. But far too few of our own critics have sufficient familiarity with the Rabbinical writings to make an effective use of them. For, even when they have overcome the difficulties of the language and penetrated the mystery of intricate symbols and abbreviations, they may still fail to get at the heart of the matter, for want of sympathy with their subject. On the other hand, a Jew, who may well have a real familiarity with the Rabbinical sources, will generally have a similar difficulty in dealing with the Gospels, from a pardonable partiality for the traditions of his own people. But Mr. Montefiore seems to be specially fitted for the delicate task he has undertaken, by the peculiar position he occupies, as well as by his candid and impartial spirit, and his extensive and intimate knowledge of his subject. It is true he is careful to decline any claim to speak as an authentic master of Rabbinical scholarship. And in view of his position as a member of the new Liberal school, he can hardly be taken to represent orthodox Jewish teaching. But though this might seem to detract somewhat from the value of his testimony, regarded in another aspect it gives him a distinct advantage. For here, as in the field of classical studies, while specialists of the first water are apt to concentrate their attention on the letter and the *minutiæ* of critical scholarship, students of a lesser rank—amateurs in more ways than one—will sometimes have a double portion of the spirit. In much the same way, it may well be that the Liberal Jew, by reason of his greater detachment, and his freedom from the trammels of tradition, and the influence of racial and confessional bias, is better able to appreciate the beauty of the New Testament and institute a comparison between Rabbinic literature and Gospel teaching.

The effects of this comparatively detached position are more specially evident in Mr. Montefiore's criticisms on the great work of Strack and Billerbeck. And it is here, too, that we find some of the best examples of

his candid and sympathetic treatment of opponents. The work in question is a larger and more comprehensive collection of passages from Rabbinical literature presenting parallels to Gospel teaching. And in the eyes of a Jewish critic, it seems that the Lutheran authors have sometimes unduly depreciated the Rabbinical writings, and set them in an unfavourable light. A reader familiar with the common course of theological controversy might expect to find the critic disparaging the authors' knowledge of the subject, and questioning the accuracy of their quotations and of their rendering of the Hebrew text; and meeting the alleged exaggerations on one side with exaggerations on the other. But Mr. Montefiore does nothing of the kind. On the contrary, he pays a high tribute to Billerbeck's work, and freely acknowledges his own obligations to it, and his sense of its high standard of accuracy.

Though, as I have said [he writes] where my Rabbinic quotations are taken from him, I have almost invariably translated from the original, and not from the German, this does not imply that his renderings are inexact. On the contrary, they are almost always correct, and this is not only my opinion, but that of Mr. Loewe (a far more competent judge) as well. And the accuracy of his references is remarkable. In the very large number which I have had to verify, I have hardly ever found the slightest error" (p. xx).

In the same way, when he has occasion to question some of Billerbeck's views, for example on the limitation of Jewish charity to the fellow-Israelite, to the exclusion of heathens, enemies, and strangers, he is careful to avoid exaggeration, and he goes out of his way to cite authorities that countenance this limitation. The following passage may serve as an example:

It stands as codified law in the Mishnah (*Abodah Zarah*, ii, l. 26a) that an Israelite woman may not act as midwife to a heathen, because she would be bringing an extra idolater into the world. In the *Gemara* it states that shepherds [this is very curious] and heathen are not to be pushed into a pit (to die there), but they need not be pulled out of it: heretics, informers,

and apostates may be pushed in and not pulled out (do. 26b) (pp. 70-71).

It might be added that the Mishnah, in the same place, forbids the daughter of Israel to give suck to the child of an idolater, while it allows the heathen women to render both these services to the children of Israel. It may be remarked that the Mishnah of the Palestinian Talmud, the text of which has been edited from the unique Cambridge manuscript, seems to make the prohibition more comprehensive. For instead of heathen or idolaters (literally "worshippers of the stars and signs"), it reads "strangers". The curious rule in the Gemara regarding the treatment of shepherds and heathen may recall the lines in Clough's qualified decalogue :

Thou shalt not kill, but needest not strive,
Officiously, to keep alive.

Mr. Montefiore's modest admission of his own limitations is quite in keeping with this candid treatment of the evidence, and with the generous tributes paid to those who are the objects of his criticism. It may be of interest to quote his own words on this matter :

I look at both the Gospels and the Rabbinic material through the spectacles of Liberal Judaism. All of us wear spectacles of some sort or another. It is only a question how deep is their particular colour. I have, I hope, overcome the old Jewish difficulty of admitting that there is anything in the Gospels which is both excellent and new, and here I seem to differ from some Liberal Jewish writers who, in knowledge, rank high above me. Nevertheless, I am sure that my spectacles are coloured to *some* extent by Liberal-Jewish prepossessions, and therefore, in my occasional quarrels with Strack-Billerbeck and other Christian writers, they may be more in the right than my spectacles enable me to see and to believe (p. xix).

Apart from its personal interest, this passage throws some light on the point at issue in this controversy between Jewish and Christian writers. Mr. Montefiore allows that some of his fellow-Jews (Liberals as well as

orthodox) have a difficulty in admitting that there is anything both new and excellent in the Gospels. He has overcome this difficulty, and thinks his brethren mistaken. But he feels that his Christian opponents go too far the other way, and show a corresponding reluctance to admit that there is much that is both native and excellent in Rabbinical Judaism. It is possible to appreciate his candour and moderation, and yet think him mistaken in this matter. And it may be thought that we are, in a manner, constrained by our position, or our Christian spectacles, to take this course. But we cannot see the matter in this strange light, or deem it necessary to depreciate Rabbinical religion and ethics, in order to exalt the Gospel teaching. For there is really no room for rivalry here. And there is no need of some new Liberal or Modernist doctrine to remove the difficulty, which is dissipated in the light of pure Catholic theology. It is enough to bear in mind the divine inspiration of the Old Testament, and remember that, whatever their faults or their limitations, the Rabbinical doctors ever found their delight and their nourishment in the Law and the Prophets which are all full of Christ, and in the Psalms which still remain the prayerbook of the whole Christian and Catholic Church. It can never surprise us to find much in Rabbinic Literature that is beautiful and true, and in harmony with Gospel Teachings.

W. H. KENT.

Dr. Sigmund Freud, to judge from his writings, must have a delightful "bedside manner". To read, in the admirable translation of (Mrs. or Miss?) Joan Riviere, the sequel he has written to his essay, *The Future of an Illusion*, which sequel, in its English dress, is entitled **Civilization and Its Discontents** (Hogarth Press, 8s. 6d.), is like listening to the amiable talk of a most urbane old gentleman. One is charmed from the first page to the last. If, however, the somewhat expensive little book suggests his possession of this valuable endowment for the profession of medicine, it also makes one regret that Dr. Freud, during his hospital days in Paris, should have come to invent psycho-analysis, and so

ensure his medical success. For had he only, like the Smollets, the Doyles, and the Maughams, drifted from the hospital into imaginative literature, what a first-rate romancer would have been gained to the world. Even in the restricted compass of the volume before us, the never-flagging display of imaginative power is impressive. Culture, by which he means apparently the customs, rules, and conventions which enable man to live in societies—culture, he tells us, has evolved, and the evolution has been a special process comparable to the normal growth of an individual to maturity. If we who are civilized are discontented, it is because the price of progress in civilization (= culture, we take it) is paid in forfeiting happiness through heightening the sense of guilt. The sense of guilt is the instinct of aggressiveness internalized, and internalized because of the sons' murder of the father (the Œdipus complex). Civilization imposes on the individual conflict, which is simply the conflict between the need for parental love and the urgency towards instinctual gratification. It is a form of the conflict between Eros and the death instinct. We want to be happy, *i.e.*, execute the pleasure-principle: that is the sole purpose of life; and we cannot be happy. Hence we seek consolation in drugs, in work, in art, or in delusions. Religion is one of the delusions, effective because a mass-delusion. He means, he says, the ordinary man's religion—"the only religion that ought to bear the name". The ordinary man is religious solely in order to mitigate the bitterness of his disappointments. And so on. It is all very jolly, but the question is: Why should we believe a word of it? What evidence does Dr. Freud advance in support of what he claims that he has "elicited" regarding culture and its origin? The answer is: None. Obviously he has spun it all out of his richly imaginative mind, without ever once bothering about facts. And, obviously too, he believes that that is a satisfactory procedure. But it is not "science". We fear that Dr. Freud has never conned his Aristotle or his Bacon, has never taken up the case of the Œdipus complex which led the young *Organon* to attempt the destruction of the old *Organon*. He remarks, it is true (p. 8), "It is

not easy to deal scientifically with feelings." Yet we were under the impression that that was just what psychology professed to do. We are reminded that, according to Aristotle (*Ethics*, 1127B), imposture is easy, not only in medicine, but also in soothsaying. No doubt *qua* physician Dr. Freud is hot stuff, but when he stands forth as a soothsayer, we fancy that he is only a quack. (M. B.)

Mr. Christopher Dawson, in his article in the last issue of the DUBLIN REVIEW, has said, though briefly, all that is to be said as to the spiritual position of D. H. Lawrence. Here it is only necessary to call attention to certain qualities of his mind which have generally escaped notice because few have had the opportunity or inclination to read the one book in which he clearly and even cheerfully exposed himself—**A Propos of Lady Chatterley's Lover** (The Mandrake Press, London). In all his other books he exposes a man tortured by the misery and confusion of our time, and the tortured state of his mind appeared unbalanced by what was equally of its nature, viz.: the cheerfulness of a lover and an artist.

But the thing that has escaped notice is that Lawrence, like too few of his contemporaries, was equally opposed to both Puritanism and Industrialism. There are many anti-industrialists, but, like many rationalists, they are often puritans and prigs. There are many anti-puritans, but they are not generally able to see that industrialism and commercialism are the products of Puritanism, because the basis of Puritanism is a distrust of man's material nature, a refusal to see that man is Matter and Spirit, both real and both good, and Industrialism is a translation of the same ideas into man's working life; for its basis is a refusal to admit that works are more than means to ends, that work is essentially an act of love.

Lawrence, almost alone among modern novelists, had both these things right; but he saw that Puritanism was the primary evil. Hence his apparent obsession with sex. He saw that if we could get our spirituality right, all other things would be added unto us.

Catholics especially should welcome this book. In spite of its errors and ignorances (and it is our fault that so many of our contemporaries are ignorant), it states the Catholic view of sex and marriage more clearly and with more enthusiasm than most of our own text-books, and many who rail at the "Paganism" of our time and yet do not see the staring evil of industrialism, will find in this book and the novel of which it is *apropos*, though startlingly plain-spoken and unashamed, support as valuable as it may be unexpected and a corrective as valuable as it is necessary. (E. G.)

The von Hügel literature is steadily growing in bulk. The Baron who, twenty years ago, was known only to a circle of friends, intimate or learned, and to a small body of philosophers and scholars, has in the last ten years become a familiar figure to all interested in the philosophy of religion and to a multitude of religious minds. It is as a director of souls in the widest sense of the word—and a director of souls is a rarer thing than a philosopher—that he appears in **The Two Witnesses** (Dent, 7s. 6d.). The author, Mrs. Plunket Greene, daughter of Sir Hubert Parry, was the Baron's niece, and in his last years became his most intimate and receptive spiritual child. She has already put us in her debt by publishing a number of her uncle's most valuable letters; in this volume she tells of the two influences and personalities to whom she owes so much: her father's, in childhood and youth; and the Baron's, in early middle life.

We see her first as a sensitive, emotional child, lonely, full of hates and tears, a Maggie Tulliver; over against her is the figure of Sir Hubert Parry, a kind of fresh wind, full of life and the adventure of life, a lover of discipline and generosity and whatever is noble and beautiful, but a hater of dogma and institutional religion. Judged even by natural standards, what a contrast to the husband of his sister-in-law! And yet, though the contrast is there, and is made by Mrs. Plunket Greene herself, we can see the spiritual kinship between the two. Sir Hubert Parry stands for Natural Religion; the Baron adds to this Supernatural, Revealed Religion. We are

not told the stages by which the daughter of the agnostic came towards God; there was a definite moment of discovery on the Wiltshire downs—the same downs that gave Jefferies his deepest experience—and she was a Christian before her father died. Very soon after his death, the Baron came into close contact with his niece. She was forty years old at the time (she gives us this date herself), but she was put through a most searching intellectual and religious discipline. She read Plato, Tacitus, Tertullian, historians, poets, and theologians, old and new—this was the intellectual “element” of the Baron’s trinity. She also learnt of the Church, of prayer, of the need and value and attraction of suffering, of Christian charity, of the nearness of God, of the need of religion, and of the beatitude of giving. She became, at last, a Catholic.

We get here and there some very valuable light on von Hügel. It is most interesting to be told (parenthetically, not tendentiously) that Sir Hubert Parry was “on the defensive as regards my uncle . . . his hatred of Roman Catholicism gave him an almost inevitable distrust of anyone so truly Catholic” (p. 98). It is very characteristic that the Baron “classified people into groups” (p. 135), and consequently made mistakes; we think inevitably of the classifications and subdivision in the *Mystical Element*. Equally characteristic is the distrust (if it was not lack) of the love of the beauty of form, whether natural or poetic. The sounding cataract, it seems, did not haunt the Baron like a passion, nor did he care for “pure” poetry. He preferred Browning. This trait is not without significance for those who wish to distinguish between natural and supernatural mysticism, though many will agree with Mrs. Greene in her illuminating comment:

Visible beauty is to some people the surest and nearest approach to God . . . and I think my uncle made a mistake in confusing these with those people who pursue beauty alone in a kind of preciousness and fastidiousness, who make beauty their centre without any regard to life. The pursuit of beauty, as an end by itself, does produce a curious effect on the soul; there is a certain

coldness, an abstract limited love that will not tolerate any ugliness, nor even any ordinariness.

How far the Baron's teaching was from dilettantism in religion may be judged from another quotation :

Everything has to be learnt through some kind of mechanical process : the ground out of which a strong and real faith can finally spring, has to be tested in a long preparation. We cannot grow without hardness, difficulty, discipline ; we have to come quite close to the things that hurt us, the things we hate.

Such extracts, we think (and many more could be given), show the value of Mrs. Plunket Greene's book better than any praise could do. We cannot have too much of the Baron's teaching, but perhaps a gentle protest may be allowed against his vocabulary being perpetuated. The following words recur : consolement, livingness, aloneness, alikeness, oppositeness, this-worldness, movingness, otherness, givingness. Strange to say, all except two are quoted in the *New English Dictionary*, but none of them is really current coin. M. D. KNOWLES.

The Gentleman in the Parlour (Heinemann) is unusually attractive reading. It is the account, by Mr. Somerset Maugham, of a journey, taken for pleasure, in the Far East. The traveller is a man with an inexhaustible interest in his fellows, and although the book contains excellently vivid descriptions of the scenes and cities of Indo-China and Siam and the other countries through which the journey lay, its outstanding merit is in the stories it contains of the men and women encountered by the way. The writer's skill as a novelist is employed upon cameo after cameo, revealing the personal histories of the Europeans with whom he spent an evening or made a journey. Very often, Mr. Maugham observes, a man will bare his heart to someone he knows he is never likely to see again, and Mr. Maugham was a patient and eager listener. How far, if at all, he has himself devised histories for individuals he met is of little moment. The whole book, with its restrained avoidance of exaggeration—most of the tales would be slight in the

hands of a less artistic narrator—has the effect of a good raconteur, pouring out after dinner a succession of incidents, always fresh, unexpected and yet real.

D. WOODRUFF.

After the impressionist lives of the saints, of which we have had recently some good examples, it is refreshing to come upon Father Auffray's **Blessed John Bosco (1815-1818)** (Burns Oates & Washbourne). Here we may, at leisure, study in detail the life of the Founder of the Salesian Congregation, and gain perhaps a truer understanding of the subject than the one permitted by the snapshot method. The author follows the chronological order of Don Bosco's life, until the foundation of the first Salesian house, the Oratory of St. Francis of Sales at Turin. He next studies the manifold aspects of his career—a popular writer, a founder of congregations, a builder of churches—and devotes two chapters to his visions and miracles. He then analyzes the holy man's character, explains his methods as an educator, describes his difficulties with the ecclesiastical powers, whose approbation was necessary to set his great work in active motion, and recounts with absorbing detail the trials, natural and supernatural, which attended the Blessed One's journey through life. His mother said to him on the day after his first Mass: "Be sure to remember this; beginning to say Mass means beginning to suffer . . . in time you will see your mother is right". Don John Bosco had reason indeed to realize the truth of the maternal adage. Father Auffray returns to chronological order with the first departure of the Salesian missionaries to South America in 1875, and concludes with a moving account of Don Bosco's last years and death. Considering the wealth of material at his disposal, the author could perhaps have made no better plan for his biography, but one wishes he had followed a chronological order throughout; it speaks well however for the vivid interest of the book, that the spice of resentment induced by the check does not prevent a turning and returning of pages to fit anecdote, miracle, trial or what not into its proper sequence. One

who knew Don Bosco well remarked about him : "He is both simple and extraordinary, both humble and great at the same time ; Don Bosco is an enigma". That would be the impression left on the reader who saw this book merely as the biography of a man of indomitable will, unbounded ambition, shrewd, peasant intelligence and a physique of iron. But Cardinal Alimonda, in his funeral sermon, revealed the key of the enigma. He said : "The inward and divine virtue which was the mainspring of this life was heavenly charity". Allied with the greatest virtue was the one of simple faith. The Blessed Cafasso was Don Bosco's director from the early days of his vocation, and two men of such opposite temperaments would be difficult to find. Don Bosco maintained the precept : the best is the enemy of the good ; let us do what little good we can, at once, and as well as we can. Don Cafasso held that : good must be deferred, unless it can be done as it deserves—very well indeed. His biography illustrates Don Bosco's theory in practice. When an almost penniless peasant boy, with a vocation to the priesthood, he did not wait for miracles. He learned to read fluently and read to his Piedmontese neighbours, who hung upon little John's words. He invariably finished his readings with fervent prayers. He wanted to recite the rosary with his companions, the poor boys of the village ; they were reluctant ; he acquired the skill of a juggler and tumbler from the neighbouring market town, and gave a performance on Sunday afternoons in his mother's field, on condition, however, that his audience should first recite the rosary and afterwards listen to his own reproduction of the parish priest's morning sermon. And so on. He used to their utmost the means he found at hand, and relied on prayer to finish and elaborate the work. The book abounds in beautiful episodes. One quotation may be given. Owing to illness he had been obliged to leave his work, which was the embryo first oratory of Saint Francis of Sales, a very uncomfortable lodging house known as Pinardi's. After a short rest he returned with his mother, on foot, late at night. "Under the balcony, waiting as they had been doing since they expected his

return, was a group of lads, asking themselves, as they looked at the dimly-lighted window panes, whether he was all right. They dared not go up as they were not sure. But suddenly, in the silence of the quiet night, arose a lovely tenor voice accompanied by a weaker one, that of a woman. Both were singing a hymn composed by the good Silvio Pellico in honour of his Guardian Angel: and the boys outside took up the strain". Apart from the biography are two invaluable appendices, the first dealing with the advent of the Salesians to England in 1887, resulting, to-day, in a sum of thirteen houses of the Congregation in the British Empire, and the second giving statistics of the two societies—the Salesians and the Daughters of Mary, Help of Christians. It was said recently by an eminent ecclesiastic: "How often we go back to the Middle Ages to find our models; yet our own times have given us men just as great, men we have known". This truth is brought home to us by the preface to Blessed John Bosco's life, written by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. In it he gives an account of the two occasions when he met and conversed with the holy founder—the first in 1883 at the Seminary of St. Sulpice in Paris, the second in 1885 at the Turin Oratory. He records the traits of Don John's character, which particularly impressed him, namely: his patience and humility as a teacher and as a superior. He writes: "Blessed John Bosco never forgot the words: 'Have they made thee a ruler? be not lifted up; be among them as one of them; have care of them'".

Mr. Alfred Noyes brings to a conclusion his scientific epic, *The Torchbearers*, with a third volume: **The Last Voyage** (Blackwood). One is amazed, on reading the table of contents of the preceding parts of the poem, at the scope of this great book, and we may also wonder at the immense courage and perseverance that have gone to the production of this work of genius. In spite of his modernity of outlook, and who so modern in the best sense of the word as Mr. Noyes, *The Torchbearers* is sealed with the authentic stamp of a more heroic day. The epic as a whole is concerned with the torch-race of

the human spirit down the ages. The first volume, *The Watchers of the Sky*, is devoted to astronomy. We read of the stellar adventures of Copernicus, Tycho Brahe, Galileo and Sir John Herschel, and many readers will no doubt return to this volume with increased interest under the stimulus of Sir James Jeans. The second, *The Book of Earth*, deals with the history of the development of human thought and discovery on the planet. The recently published third volume finds the key to the mystery of human experience in the Catholic Faith.

In a prefatory note to *The Watchers of the Sky*, published in 1926, Mr. Noyes, after referring to "the passing of the old order of dogmatic religion [which] has left the modern world in a strange chaos, craving for something in which it can unfeignedly believe," quotes Matthew Arnold's forty-year-old prophecy that on poetry would devolve the function of expressing "in new terms those eternal ideas which must ever be the only sure stay of the human race." And he is certainly himself a remarkable fulfilment of that prophecy, while it is a very noteworthy fact that far from discarding the "old order of dogmatic religion", in order to fulfil his high functions as a poetical teacher, it is precisely in that "old order" that he has found his definite, all-inclusive inspiration. Here, I think, we may see one of the main and most significant notes of the Catholic revival of to-day. There are those who look on this revival as an artfully contrived conspiracy against human liberty, a deliberately engineered movement of reaction. This is entirely untrue. The spirit moves over the waters, and touches them now here, now there. By different paths, differing souls have been called all over Europe, and while inevitably appearing in unified contrast to their surroundings, have each his separate motives of action and his separate message to deliver. A Claudel in France, a Noyes in England, say the same thing, but differently. They both find in the Catholic scheme the only possible solution, adequate both to head and heart, of the manifold problem of man become fully self-conscious.

ALGAR THOROLD.

Blessed Thomas More is at last coming into his own as the first great Catholic vernacular apologist; and we congratulate Professor A. I. Taft on his edition of **The Apologye of Syr Thomas More, Knyght** (Oxford University Press, 30s.) Although the Introduction is valuable, we could wish that the editor had given more space to the main question of spiritual and temporal jurisdictions; for this was the reason which induced More to write the book in answer to the arguments of Christopher Saint German or to "him whosoever he was, that now so lately wrote the book of division between the temporality and the spirituality." Such matter would have been of great value to students and more pertinent than the general account of More's *English Works*, rather more suitable to a reprint of the 1557 edition of William Rastell. As the Editor points out More wrote the *Apologye* in a very anxious frame of mind. Henry VIII had given no uncertain signs that he wished to deal very hardly with the "spirituality" and was willing to encourage any heretical writings which would seem to justify him in doing so. In 1532 we find the royal hostility showing itself in the Act for the Restraint of Annates and in the Petition of the Commons, and in the same year *A Treatise Concerning the Division between the Spirituality and the Temporality*, undoubtedly the work of Christopher Saint German, appeared. The book was the more to be feared because it had a semblance of fairness. Its author "professed to be a Catholic, and to analyse the causes of division in the hope of effecting a reconciliation." But, in fact, it was for the most part special pleading, and the writer accumulates against the clergy not only their actual faults but most of their possible ones as well. More, realising the danger of such a work, undertook to unveil this insidious attack on the Church, setting forth in contrast the own immovable faith: "For as the sea shall never surround and overwhelm all the land, and yet hath it eaten many places in, and swallowed whole countries up, and made many places now sea that sometime were well-inhabited lands, and hath lost part of his own possession in other parts again;

so though the faith of Christ shall never be overflowen with heresies, nor the gates of hell prevail against Christ's Church, yet as in some places it winneth in new people, so may there in some places by negligence be lost the old."

Two interesting books, **The Protestant Ethic & The Spirit of Capitalism** (Allen & Unwin, 10s. 6d.), by Max Weber, and **The Economic Causes of the Reformation in England** (Macmillan, 10s. 6d.), by Oscar A. Marti, taken together, tell us a great deal about the unending conflict between God and Mammon, particularly as exemplified in that incident of it which we call the Reformation. John Wesley put the matter in a nutshell when he wrote, "I fear, wherever riches have increased, the essence of religion has decreased in the same proportion. Therefore I do not see how it is possible, in the nature of things, for any revival of true religion to continue long. For religion must necessarily produce both industry and frugality, and these cannot but produce riches. But as riches increase, so will pride, anger and the love of the world in all its branches." Professor Marti wants to show why the English monasteries fell and by their fall brought about the destruction of the Catholic faith in this country. Max Weber attempts to show us, on the other hand, that since the Catholic faith had always been opposed to Mammon, the rise of Capitalism could only be rapid where the Catholic faith had ceased to operate in any effective way. The English monasteries were popular although they were rich, and their destruction was mourned by all except by those who benefited by that destruction. The poor, who are always with, us would have liked the monasteries to have been as permanent as themselves; but the new rich would not have it so. If, then, we could determine the difference between the old rich monasteries and the new rich landlords and merchants, we should also come to understand that the rich who do not love riches are a greater benefit to the poor and incidentally to the State than the rich who do.

But in attempting to reach such an understanding we must not forget that even monks had their temptations, and that these increased with their riches. "The whole history of monasticism," says Max Weber, "is in a certain sense the history of a continual struggle with the problem of the secularising influence of wealth. The same is true on a grand scale of the worldly asceticism of Puritanism. Max Weber has almost for the first time, as far as we know, seen the problem of God and Mammon, of Monasticism and Capitalism in its true and simple proportions. The monks always tried, and sometimes failed, to rid themselves of, 'the love of riches.' Though their riches increased they increased as corporate and not as individual property. The monk was poor although his monastery was rich. And where the life of prayer and good observance flourished, the riches that accrued were used for the good of others, of the poor, of the Church itself, but were not personally appropriated by the monks themselves. But the new Protestant ethic abolished holy poverty and even went so far as to say it was sinful, just as it said that holy celibacy and holy obedience were sinful, too, 'Protestant asceticism broke the bonds of the impulse of personal acquisition in that it not only legalised it but looked upon it as directly willed by God.'" And here was the root of the mischief. The Church always holds out the counsels of perfection for those who are able to take them. And so there always lives incarnate in the Christian world, the naked ideals of poverty, chastity and obedience, offensive as they are to the natural man. Not only so, but there always exists, too, a body of men and women who, by the grace of God, never give over the attempt to exemplify these ideals in their own personal lives. If we ask why the monasteries were destroyed we must ask two further questions. Did no one covet the riches of the monasteries from the outside world? Did none of the monks themselves covet what they had personally renounced? And perhaps as well one last question: How far was the monastic life of the pre-reformation period not only negatively but positively and actively good?

W. E. CAMPBELL.

PRO FIDE. A Textbook of Modern Apologetics. By the Rev. Charles Harris, D.D., Prebendary of Hereford Cathedral. 4th edition. (John Murray.)

It seems hardly fair to call this stout volume a treatise of popular apologetics, since the title-page states that it is intended for "Theological Students, Ministers of Religion, and others". Still, that is what it is. The standpoint of the writer is frankly anti-modernist, and in the main the traditional positions of orthodox Christianity are defended. Indeed, there is little with which a Catholic need disagree, although the treatment of Original Sin leaves something to be desired. It does not seem true to say that a man's "character is warped, before ever he receives it, by the vicious choice of innumerable ancestors, for whose mistakes he is obliged to suffer". Anyhow, this is not what is meant by the Catholic doctrine. On the whole, the book has considerable value, though it should not be forgotten that a medicine chest has its dangers as well as its uses.

A NEWMAN SYNTHESIS. Arranged by Erich Przywara, S.J. (Sheed & Ward.)

Father Przywara has been labouring for some years, together with his fellow Jesuit, Father Pribilla, to familiarize his compatriots with the religious philosophy of Newman. He has translated most, if not all, of Newman's books, and produced a long work in six volumes, reproducing in quotation Newman's thought systematically and entirely, of which this is the abridgement and translation. The reader is thus enabled to follow consecutively and completely Newman's religious thought in this masterly analysis. It may perhaps be felt that Newman's actual philosophy—of which Father Przywara has written so interestingly in his contribution to *A Monument to St. Augustine*—might have been more fully illustrated than is the case in this selection. Obviously, the German text must have contained a great deal more on this subject. The publishers generously acknowledge the help of Father Francis Bacchus, of the Birmingham

Oratory. There are not wanting indications of a serious revival of interest in Newman's thought. The day of the Archer Butlers and the Fairbairns is over, and a *Newman Synthesis* is felicitous in the moment of its appearance.

MYSTICAL PRAYER ACCORDING TO ST. JANE DE CHANTAL.

MYSTICAL PRAYER ACCORDING TO S. FRANCIS DE SALES.

Both by Auguste Saudreau. Translated by A. E. H. Swinstead. (Sheed & Ward.)

These two charming booklets are translations of articles in *La Vie Spirituelle* by Canon Saudreau. They are both couched almost entirely in the words of their saintly authors, and given their somewhat narrow limits, express as completely as possible the spirit of the Visitation. Will not Mr. Swinstead one day dig out for us in translation the whole of that rich mine of spirituality, S. Jane's letters?

TWELVE YEARS IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. By John L. Stoddart. (Burns Oates & Washbourne, Ltd.)

The title of this book might raise expectations of a somewhat subjective character. The first chapter, "Past and Present", is to some extent of a personal nature, but the bulk of the book is quite objective in matter and treatment, and consists of ten chapters of closely-argued apologetics on such subjects as: "Did Christ claim to be the Son of God?" "The Church of Authority", "Why Rome could not go to Lausanne". Mr. Stoddart, who tells us that he is eighty years of age, is to be congratulated on the production of this useful and attractive volume.

MEMORIES OF LENIN. By N. Krupskaya. Translated by Eric Verney. (Martin Lawrence.)

This is a most remarkable study, by Madame Lenin—if she admits so *bourgeois* a mode of address—of the founder

of the Soviet regime. The book gives in most intimate fashion the story of the revolutionaries from 1893, when she first met Lenin, to 1905. It is absorbing and fascinating reading. The character of Lenin, known as Vladimir Hyitch, is drawn in clear and ineffaceable lines. There is no doubt of the burning pity for the down-trodden and miserable which, together with false philosophy and a strange ignorance of life in general, turned him into what he became. The book is quite indispensable to the serious student of Bolshevism. It is very well translated.

YESTERDAYS OF AN ARTIST MONK. By W. Verkade, O.S.B.
Translated by John L. Stoddart. (Burns Oates & Washbourne, Ltd.)

Visitors to the great Abbey of Beuron, on the upper reaches of the Danube, will, if of English race, have probably made acquaintance with the genial personality of the Dutch painter-monk and convert, Dom Willibrord Verkade. These reminiscences of his conversion and of his youth in Paris, Munich and Copenhagen are fascinating reading and quite admirably translated by Mr. Stoddart. The spiritual influence that brought this highly-gifted man to the Church was that of S. Francis, which he experienced to the full in various Italian friaries. A beautiful book to be recommended to all.

IN PRAISE OF DIVINE LOVE. By Alice, Lady Lovat.
(Burns Oates & Washbourne, Ltd.)

This is a singularly beautiful anthology of prose and poetry, arranged with reference to the liturgical seasons of the year, and preceded by a stirring and scholarly preface from the pen of Father Vincent MacNabb, O.P., who rightly says of it "garnered in a close of cloistered chastity, it has the inimitable scent of the Easter Calvary". The precious gems amassed in this exquisite volume are gathered from the literary and devotional storehouses of our holy religion from every age and every country.

THE NEW AND ETERNAL COVENANT. By Dom Anscar Vonier, Abbot of Buckfast. (Burns Oates & Washbourne.)

The purpose of this book is a consideration of the essentials of Catholicism, without any attendant effort to controvert error, in the expectation that such a consideration will enhance the institutional aspects of our faith. In these days utterances in the sphere of religion have been less forcible than in what the Abbot calls the "classical ages of religion". He would have the fact of the Eternal One's covenant with man proclaimed more insistently and fearlessly than it is in this period of easy culture, wide thought and free discussion. It will be strange if the book fails of its purpose, for each chapter as read seems more inspiring than the last. Its directness and clarity of style makes it as accessible to the humble searcher after wisdom, as it is valuable to the profound student of dogmatic truth.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Folia Latina. An Easy Latin Reader. J. E. Lowe. (Burns Oates & Washbourne, Ltd.)

S. Paul and His Teaching. Edited by the Rev. C. Lattey, S.J. (Sands & Co.)

Le Béguinage de Bruges. Abbé R. Hoornaert. Desclée, de Brouwer.

Bibliothèque Catholique des Sciences Religieuses. (Bloud et Gay.)

L'Eucharistie—Adhemar d'Alès. Le Bréviaire. D. Baudot. Les Congrégations Romaines. Les Cardinaux et la Curie. Victor Martin. Les Sources du Droit Canonique. F. Cimetier.

Father Vernon and His Critics. Rev. G. J. Macgillivray. (Burns, Oates & Washbourne, Ltd.)

The Franciscans. Many Mansions Series, edited by Algar Thorold. By Father James, O.S.F.C. (Sheed & Ward.)

Soixante Années de Théologie (1869-1929). N^o. Jubilaire de la Nouvelle Revue Theologique. Museum Lessianum, Louvain.

Maria of Padua. Introduction by Rev. B. Williamson. (Alexander Ouseley, Ltd.)

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